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OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE MALE CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

HAMLET.

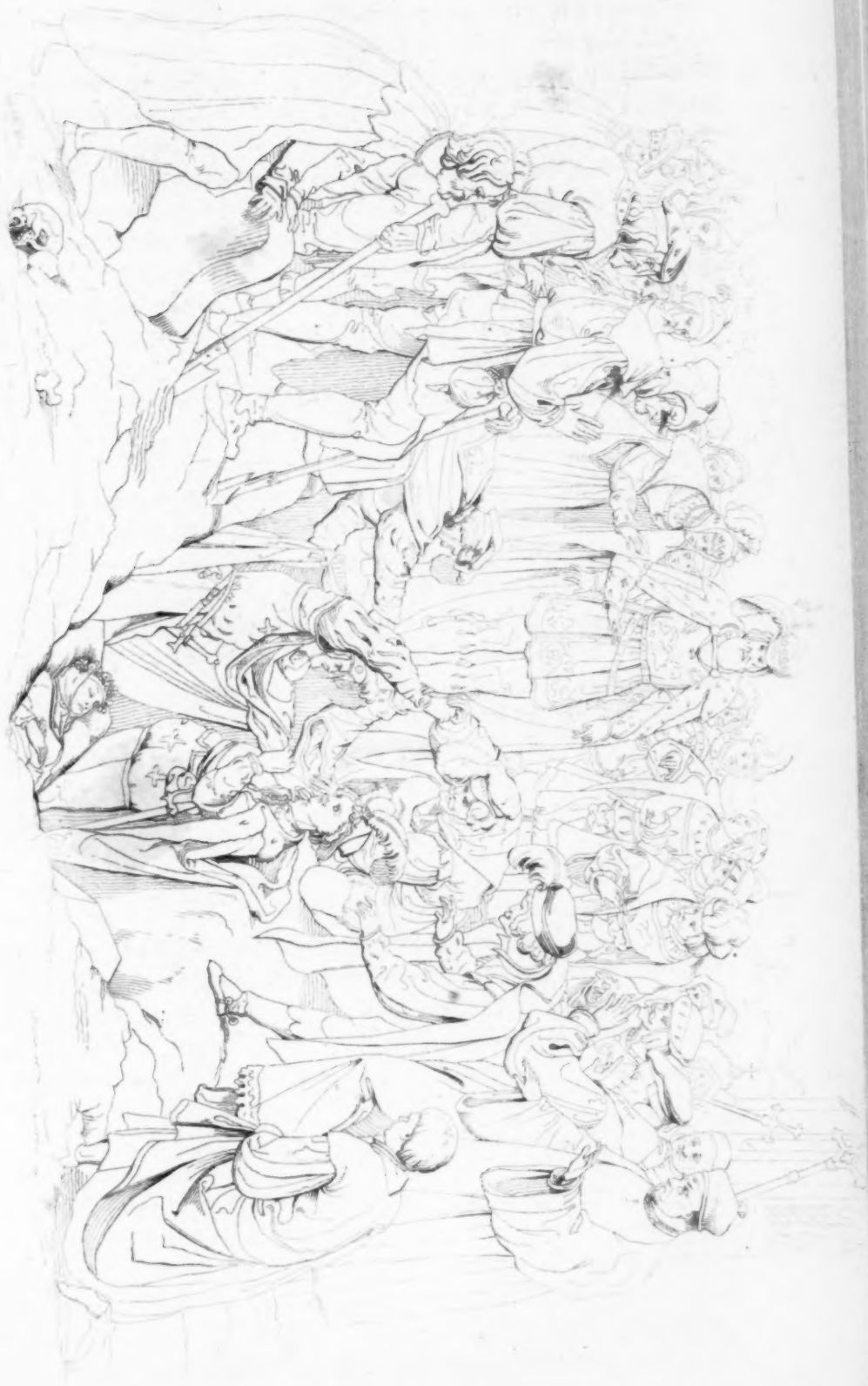
THE character of Hamlet—the Prince, the Lover of Ophelia, the Son, the Philosopher, the MAN, with all his hopes and ambitions, frustrated plans and far-reaching thoughts, deep intelligence and child-like weakness and untimely death—claims our sympathies and study. In him we behold the type of Man; and in his story, and the play in which it is found, are involved some of the loftiest ideas to which the human mind can be directed. More than any other of Shakspeare's heroes, he attracts at once our sympathies and wonder. He stands before us in almost the distinctness of actual existence. He receives this distinctness and this vividness in our minds from his melancholy, his speculative and philosophizing temperament, the tenderness and purity of his feelings and motives, and especially from his relation with Ophelia, whose affection he feels himself compelled to forego when the awful visitation of his father's spirit summons him to his great task. The many reflections he is constantly making on themes that come so near to the universal heart of man, attract our attention and deepen our interest. When he falls at last, surrounded by the toils of the very persons whom he had so long intended to punish, we feel as if bidding adieu to one whom we have actually known and loved, and whose misfortunes we have wept over and pitied.

I confess I can see none so great mystery in the character of Hamlet as it has been supposed to involve. Critics have drawn out numberless discussions on his real or pretended insanity, on his sincerity or insincerity towards Ophelia; and many among the Germans have been able to regard the whole character and play as but a tremendous manifestation of destiny, at the same time captivating our sorrows and striking awe into our hearts. There are, certainly, difficult points in Hamlet; and it is true, that if we regard merely the cause of the hero's

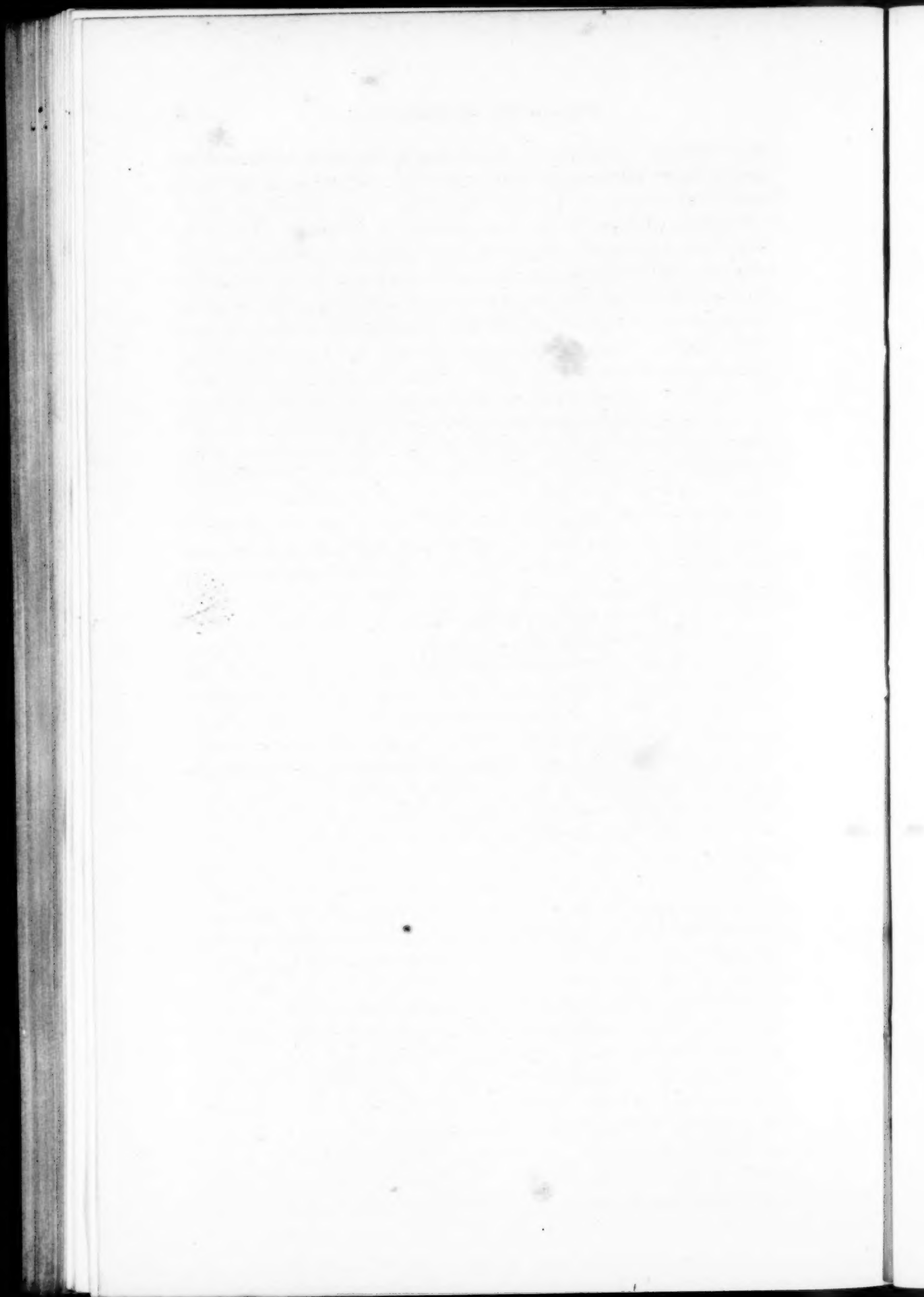
fate without attention to the moral which we may extract from it, we may easily fall into the same doubts and difficulties with which others have been troubled. The Prince sometimes rouses our most fearful apprehensions by reflections that strike deep into the very abysses of existence; but if we will listen to it, there often comes up from those depths of our spiritual nature an echo that speaks at once to our hearts. But for one occurrence in his history he would have been a sceptic. He was surrounded by wickedness and vice triumphant: he felt that there was a meaning in the great riddle of the world, but that meaning he could not solve. The visitation of his father's spirit introduced a new element and a fact into his speculations, and led his thoughts out into the boundless ocean of Being. There he wandered, indeed, and seemed lost; there he grasped at awful shadows which eluded him; but he felt the truth of an hereafter, *for it had been revealed.*

But while we regard his intellectual character — which was of the finest order — and his probable speculative ideas, we must carry along with us his peculiar temperament and the many cruel distractions of his situation. We shall then see that his course took its disastrous result, not from any laxity of principle, not from uncertainty of faith, or an abandonment without struggle to the relentless stream of destiny; but from a constitution of mind and heart unfit for the mighty task imposed upon him. The unfortunate issue of all his plans is as much the result of his peculiar character, as of the circumstances and of the agency of those that were about him. The study of his character, therefore, is the only means by which we can comprehend the apparent enigma of the tragedy itself.

His character, then, is that of a person of great refinement of sentiment and feeling, and of one tenderly alive to the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice. With all the moral courage proper to a being of a high intellectual order, he is still retiring and sensitive, and seems to prefer the quiet and contemplative life of a scholar to the glare and show of the court. Yet he is ambitious — for he was born to a kingdom — ambitious, as men of fine moral and intellectual mould generally are, which is, to be the means of controlling affairs in consonance to the best principles on which they can be administered. While he is living as a student at the university, he is suddenly called to court by the death of the King, his father; and hardly have “the funeral baked meats” become cold, when his mother marries his uncle, who assumes the crown. The play opens, and he is presented to us in the mingled and crushing feelings of grief, disgust, and suspicion, that weigh him down to the earth; grief for his father's death, disgust at his mother's conduct, and suspicions of his uncle. In this state he receives a visitation from the grave of his murdered parent, which con-



THE A. M. J. J. J. J.



firms every suspicion of his prophetic soul, and those awful commands, spoken by the disembodied spirit of his King and father, are laid upon him.

We may here observe that the mission of the ghost is such as to remove from our minds all apprehension as to the *Christian propriety* of revenging the murder that had been committed; for we cannot but feel assured that the soul of the King has not re-entered this world for the gratification of a selfish and unholy revenge, but that he had been sent by divine justice itself, in order that a crime so truly horrible may not go unpunished before the eyes of men. In this light his coming is regarded by Hamlet himself; and the great fact of such a mission, with all the soul-stirring thoughts connected with it, is one of the very circumstances that draw the contemplative mind of the Prince away from the direct means to accomplish his task. Yet the command must be obeyed, for "one has come unto him from the dead."

But he is the last person in the world to be placed in such a situation, to meet such exigencies and misfortunes. He does not want courage, but he is destitute of energy; and his whole nature is too mild and gentle to allow him to undertake a work so revolting. Hence it is that he endeavors to rouse himself to action, and to infuse some sternness into his nature, by dwelling on the vicious, the corrupt and hollow side of the world's picture. He is, moreover, so sensitive, and the horror of the dreadful crimes of his mother and his uncle comes upon him with such an overwhelming force, that he stands perfectly aghast, and is almost crushed by the weight of his misfortunes and the responsibility of his situation.* Hence it is, also, that we hear him exclaim,

"The time is out of joint :—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!"

It has been said that the great themes suggested to such a mind as Hamlet's, by the mission of his father's spirit, were among the causes that distracted his thoughts away from the world of action into that of deep speculation. To this we owe that celebrated soliloquy that re-

* "It is clear to me," says Göthe, "that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak tree planted in a china vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers.—The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitute the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon. All his obligations are sacred to him, but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands: not an impossibility in itself, but what is so to him. Observe how he turns, shifts, hesitates, advances and recedes! how he is continually reminding himself of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and without ever recovering his former tranquillity."—*Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, b. iv. ch. 13.

veals to us the depth and intensity of his thoughts, and strikes a chord in every human heart. Much has been said by commentators and critics on this remarkable passage. But as the soundest criticism is that which is based upon feeling and a perception of the emotions of the character itself, let us leave what has been learnedly written upon this speech, quoting only the remark of Dr. Johnson, "that the ideas seem to be connected in the speaker's mind rather than on his tongue." Hamlet is exhibited to us as a man borne down by the difficulties and responsibility of his situation. The actual encounter of a spirit from beyond the grave has brought the present and future state nearer in mind than he had ever contemplated them before. In this situation the idea — not perhaps of absolute suicide, but of meeting death in some shape, as the final relief — comes up in his mind ; but, in accordance with his philosophical spirit, he does not speak directly of his own case, but rises into generalities, and debates with himself the abstract question whether existence or annihilation were the better part for a soul encompassed with difficulties to which it can see no end ? As he places the two antagonist ideas against each other, it suddenly darts into his mind to ask if Death be but the mere unconscious state in which it is typified by sleep ? and he then as suddenly refuses the notion, by the natural and spontaneous prophecy of the soul, shrinking from the suggestion, and starting at the possibility that even in the sleep of death itself "dreams may come ;" thus furnishing the most irresistible and intuitive argument that the mind of man ever dictated to itself for its own immortality. The current of the thought then runs on into the idea of *seeking* death as the end of all calamities. Here he is met by the conclusion, that men must throw themselves, by such a step, into a worse condition than that which they leave ; that this is a truth which the soul teaches to itself, by the monitions of conscience, placed therein to "make cowards of us all ;" and that this, and this alone, prevents any man from flying to his ultimate relief when the crosses of life multiply around him. How easily might they all be avoided ! by a bare bodkin ! and the soul wing its way beyond all peril, and difficulty, and misfortune. But ah ! "the undiscovered country," with all its unknown and untried conditions, rises up before the mind, and prevents the completion of that great enterprise, which thus ends in thought alone.

The close of this soliloquy brings him suddenly to an interview with Ophelia. This passage has been the ground-work of the accusation of insincerity, which most readers and many critics have made against Hamlet. It is a conversation, indeed, exquisitely painful. On the one side, deep, tender, injured, but still doating feeling, reveals the agony of a breaking heart, that finally takes refuge in the idea of the insanity of its idol ; on the other, the stern and cold rejection of

all feeling, the momentary tenderness, the bitter jest, and the wild, melancholy interest in the fair object before him, which are so strangely blended and opposed in Hamlet's conduct, confirms in the belief that he is either insane, or deems it necessary to appear so. Perhaps both these hypotheses may be found correct.

Hamlet, after the visitation of the ghost, becomes a consecrated man. He has a work to do, which, from his peculiar temper, requires him to forego every feeling that ministers to tenderness and love. He feels that happiness is a thing with which he can have little to do, and he imagines himself under the necessity of forbearing to seek it. His great task seems to him to require the devotion of every faculty, and he bears ever in mind — although he is ever far from its accomplishment — the solemn vow he had taken to “wipe away all trivial, fond records,” and to devote himself to but one thought. It is idle and gratuitous to suppose him insincere towards Ophelia before we have proof of it, and before a sufficiently deep analysis of the character has furnished us with the hypothesis, on which all parts of his conduct are reconcileable with each other. Ophelia herself tells us that his professions had been sanctioned by “almost all the holy vows of heaven ;” and when we reflect upon his conduct at her grave, we have little reason to apprehend that she was herself deceived, whatever might have been thought by those about them. To unite the qualities of a libertine or a trifler in such a being as Hamlet, was never done by Nature and Shakspeare. It would have been inconsistent with that grand idea which lies at the bottom of this tragedy — as it does at the foundation of human life — the idea of virtuous suffering, itself a mysterious index of final happiness. The true solution of Hamlet's conduct is, that he felt himself strangely borne along by a current which he fancied he could not resist, while disappointments and agitated feelings and bitter reflections added constantly to his irresolution and dismay ; that he made the very natural mistake of fancying it less cruel to renounce Ophelia's love, than to call upon her to share in sympathy the woe that pressed upon him. He seems to have fancied that they had better part on earth without knowing the agony of each other's heart ; trusting that when the world had done its worst with them, they should meet again where all fears and pain had passed away, and where the crimes of others could no more mar their hopes, through that strange connexion that inweaves for the season the happiness of the innocent with the villany of the guilty. Thus he thought to crush, for the present, the love which he had excited in her and indulged in himself. It was a fatal error, as it must often be, when man hesitates in his reliance upon woman. But there is another circumstance to be attended to in this judgment of Hamlet, which is, his *actual* insanity.

At the commencement of the *second* Act, we find Hamlet under the

earnest resolution — a solemn vow — to proceed in the accomplishment of the commands of his father. But he sees that he is watched ; that the appearance of the ghost is known to Marcellus and Bernardo, as well as to Horatio and himself ; and that the strangeness of conduct and manner, into which the frightful intelligence conveyed to him, and the intense agony of his feelings have thrown him, has already been perceived by the King. It is on this account — in order to conceal his purposes, to hide the cause of his real melancholy, and to have a cloak for his actions—that he resolved to personate madness. But he loses all consciousness of the fiction, and becomes actually insane.

Dr. Johnson has said, that there is no adequate cause for Hamlet's pretended madness ; since, as he asserts, he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. But it seems to be the express design of the poet to make Hamlet adopt a course of conduct such as no other person ever would have adopted ; in order to show how inadequate to the accomplishment of his design would be all the plans he should form. Indeed, such is the necessary and natural result of his character. It is not as we ourselves would look at the matter, but as Hamlet actually did look at it, that we are to regard the critical propriety of his pretended madness.

While, therefore, he is personating the part of insanity, his mind actually loses its balance from the acuteness of his feelings and the constant presence of the great task before him. Hence comes that singular mixture of folly and wisdom, rambling, incoherent thought and deep poetry which he utters, partly from design and partly because he cannot help it. His father's murder, his mother's incest, his situation amid these crimes and criminals, and the haunting idea of his great responsibility, are the points which drive him from his propriety and self-command ; and wherever these cross the train of his ideas — as they are constantly doing — his usual sagacity, his fine practical wisdom, entirely forsake him. It is only when alone with Horatio, whom he can trust and with whom he can give way to the crowding thoughts that overwhelm him, that he talks straight on, like one in the right use of his faculties. Before every one else he uses words as if they were mere playthings, to be thrown about carelessly and incoherently ; or else to be made the vehicles of a pungent and caustic satire, burning and searing every object on which they chance to fall.

There is a scene in this tragedy eminently illustrative of the character of Hamlet, and in which the poet seems to have concentrated all those deep and striking reflections, which were constantly springing up in the mind of the Prince, and all the memories, feelings, hopes, and half-defined apprehensions, which crowded upon him as his course swept on to the grand catastrophe of his fate. Of course I allude to the conversation with Horatio in the church-yard, and the subsequent

occurrences which took place there when they were interrupted by the funeral procession. There the Prince stood, in fancy, on the confines which divide the great Present and Future. The mouldering emblems with which the living had essayed to give permanence to the dead ; the progress and the tooth of Time, which wear away the granite and the marble and whatever is durable on earth ; the utter decay of that human form, which, when animated by its spirit, seemed the master of all elements, but now lies ignominiously under the spade of the clown ; these, and such sights as these, roused him to a severe questioning of the soul for an answer and solution to their mystery. The first sound that meets the ear, as the two friends enter the churchyard, is the song of the grave-digger, singing at his vocation. How strangely that merriment strikes upon the soul of the sensitive and reflecting Hamlet, who can regard death and its conditions but with curious awe. It is the standing point of his reflections ; and as he goes on in the dialogue, ranging with a poet's rapidity and grotesque succession of thought through the mighty theme of Dissolution, how are we impressed with that genius at whose bidding this scene comes up before us. But we are not left with speculation alone ; a more thrilling interest than all abstract wisdom can arouse, springs up in our minds. Nor is Hamlet left with merely the indifferent mementos of decay, which such a spot exhibits to the most careless eye, to pass away and forget it. His own fate is drawing to a close, and there comes a strange sight which connects all his strange fancies with himself and those whose being is interwoven with his own. One moment he stands a moralizing spectator of the grave, playing solemnly with its strange accidents ; the next he is a suffering actor in the great tragedy of existence. A grave is open at his feet, and in it is laid, before his very face, the pale form of his once loved and rejected, and crazed and then broken-hearted Ophelia.

This event seems to be the last shock to the feelings and resolution of Hamlet, and fills him with that distress which unfits for action, and makes him resign himself to the worst that can befall. "Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart," he says to Horatio ; but the secret misgivings of his soul are instantly suppressed from observation, as if he would bear the worst without taxing the sympathies of his friend, and he recurs to the idea of Providence to support him in the hazards which he may have to run. Yet he keeps up a show of his former purposes and resolution both to Horatio and himself. He cannot abandon them, for they have become a part of his destiny ; and to admit even to his own consciousness that he can ever do so, would be to desert the part and duty of a man. Accordingly he goes into the mock duel that has been contrived, as I believe, with at least a suspicion that some foul play is intended, but with the resolution to do all

that his powers and vigilance can do to defeat the machinations of his enemies; and when all is done, to leave the result to a higher power, and await with courage the greatest disasters that may be before him.

The foregoing observations have been written with attention to some of the most difficult points in the character of Hamlet, without attempting to explain each of its moral phenomena minutely. The limits of such an essay as the present could not embrace a full description of the character; and no commentary upon such a work of imagination can be otherwise than imperfect, for none can embrace all that may be felt and understood by every reader, who makes it the subject of deep study and meditation. It is that one of all Shakspeare's creations, which most evinces the sublimity of his genius, and is most deserving of our admiration.

C.

THE PAST.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

"The gaps of centuries —"

BYRON.

I.

I CALL on thee, dark spirit of Past Time,
To lead me through the moonlit avenues,
And sombre glens, where shadows flit sublime;
And through the caves obscure, where thou dost muse
In solitude unseen; and dost refuse
All mortal step to cross thy magic line
All mortal sight to pry: — though in thy hues
Conjecture clad, at times, assumes thy sign,
And self-deluded man believes her features thine —

II.

I call on thee to lead me, where the foot
Of the Historic Muse hath never strayed;
Where old Tradition pauses, and whence mute
She turns to paths more easily surveyed: —
I ask thy guidance to that midnight shade
Not e'en by Inspiration's hallowed ray
Disturb'd or pierc'd, — where thou, secure, hast laid
The deep foundations of thy shrine away,
And reared the mighty walls and bulwarks of thy sway.

III.

I would ascend through ages, and illumine
Thy rayless dwellings, and would send my gaze
Through all the range of shadows and of gloom,
From sunset dimness of past yesterdays, —
To Time's black midnight; from the light which plays
Round Certainty — to Doubt's unbroken tomb
Enclosing forms unknown. But who may raise,
The mystic veil which hangs around their doom,
Or, from sepulchral night the long-lost dead exhume?

IV.

Within that gloomy home of unknown things —
 That grave of long-departed memories —
 O'er which thou spreadest out thy jealous wings,
 Spurning, with frowns, the suppliant from thy knees
 Who asks one transient glance, though brief, to seize, —
 How many deeds of heroes rest unsung —
 What days of action, and what hours of ease —
 What crimes, o'er which Cimmerian darkness hung, —
 What passions and what woes the trembling heart have wrung.

V.

In all "the pomp and circumstance of war,"
 How many a chief his bright array has led
 To fields which groaned beneath the brazen car,
 The tramp of thousands, and the charger's tread ;
 And Eve hath seen the hungry vulture fed,
 E'en to satiety, — and ravens hoarse
 Croak o'er the mangled remnants of the dead,
 Whom Morn beheld, in confidence of force,
 Spring eager to the fight, as steed that seeks the course.

VI.

Tyrants have reigned to vex the earth awhile
 Upon a trembling and unstable throne, —
 And self-styled patriots have won the smile
 Of the unthinking Many, and have grown
 Themselves to be the despots ; — and the moan
 Of suffering thousands, who the power conferred
 Waked by that power, arose with wailing tone ;
 Till Fury crush'd the monster with a word, —
 And lo ! another's voice subjects the cringing herd !

VII.

And still perchance there have been times of peace,
 When Power galled not ; Battle's voice was mute ;
 And Labour gave the sturdy swains release ;
 When dark-browed virgins to the melting flute
 Beat time in festive measure, as the foot
 Swept o'er the elastic turf ; and joyous bands
 Bore home with songs the rich autumnal fruit,
 Plucked by free men, from green, luxuriant lands,
 Nor came a tyrant there to wrest it from their hands.

VIII.

And yet, albeit, those hours of plenty drew
 Sloth, in their train, and Luxury, — and a style
 Of inverse manners, and a hideous crew
 Of crimes which breathe contagion, and defile
 The moral landscape : — as the mighty Nile —
 So fables tell — along its oozy bed
 Gives birth to reptile monsters, rank and vile,
 Nursed in its slime and by its softness fed,
 Which, in more troubled streams, their forms had never spread.

IX.

Such, Spirit of the Past, could we review
 Thy midnight mysteries, such, perchance, would be
 Successively the scenes of varied hue,
 And such the objects which we there should see ;
 Yet why, for these, should we look back to Thee ?
 Hath modern History's page no word of strife ?
 No tale of Tyrant chaining down the free ?
 No smiling scenes of peace and rural life ?
 No Times, when Virtue slept, of crime and passion rife ?

X.

Vain, then, the task within thy depths to pry,
 Ay, doubly vain ! wrapt in thy murky shroud
 Thou sitt'st severe and deignest no reply : —
 Yet, what though thou should'st answer, and uncloud
 The forms which thou concealest ? — we should crowd
 A few more griefs in History's ample scroll —
 A few more follies of the great and proud —
 A few more passions spurning all control —
 A few more deadly crimes to shock the saddened soul.

XI.

And this is all : — for man remains the same
 In every age, if Passion be his guide,
 If Virtue rise not to direct his aim,
 Nor pure Religion o'er his paths preside : —
 Revenge — Deceit — Ambition — Envy — Pride
 Light in his breast their fierce unholy flame, —
 Indulgence reigns, and Mammon, deified,
 Finds every where a temple to its name,
 And History's latest words remotest deeds may claim !

THE CRAZY EYE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*."

It is certain that many opinions, long since discarded by the learned world, have still continued to keep fast hold of the minds of the vulgar, — those, for instance, connected with witchcraft, lucky and unlucky days, judicial astrology, and the like. Perhaps no stronger evidence could be adduced, to prove that there exists, in the mind of man, a principle of delight in all that is dark, mysterious, and terrible, — whose tendency is to give to the fictions of the imagination the power and reality of truth, — a principle which may be considered the source of all superstition, and from whose effects only the continued exercise of

the highest powers of reflection can enable us to escape. Whether there be not danger in wholly disregarding the dictates of this feeling, and in listening altogether to the conclusions of a partially enlightened reason, is a question deserving of careful consideration. A wise man who takes in view our acknowledged ignorance of the efficient causes of a thousand operations which are hourly going on around us, -- who reflects that even those maxims which we term *general laws*, are merely deductions from a limited number of facts, and may be superseded, at any time, by more extensive observation, will hesitate in pronouncing decisively on the absurdity of any belief, however inconsistent with his own preconceived notions.

These remarks may serve to dissipate some of the suspicion with which the following narration will naturally be received. It concerns a persuasion current, as far as I know, among the multitude in all ages and nations, and which, though often ridiculed, has found supporters even in men of reflecting and cultivated minds. I refer to the power which certain individuals are supposed to have of affecting *others* through the medium of the *eye*; I do not mean, of course, the effect of strong passion or feeling, speaking in the bright orbs of a beautiful woman, or in the dilated and flashing pupils of an angry man; this has never been denied. The power of which I write seems to reside in the organ itself, and to be arbitrarily bestowed, like genius or ventriloquism, on a few individuals. The superstition of the evil eye is common to every barbarous people. That certain persons, generally sorcerers or old women, are able by a look to blast the fortunes, or wither the bodily vigor of their unhappy victim, is believed as firmly and implicitly under the burning sun of Congo, as on the frozen plains of Kamschatka or in the pleasant islands of the Pacific. Among the Romans of the most enlightened period expiatory sacrifices were appointed for those who had felt the influence of a "malign eye," (*malus oculus*;) and we learn from the interesting accounts of Browne that the primitive inhabitants of the Canaries are sufferers under the same apprehension.

The following anecdote, however, refers to an influence of a different cast. It is firmly believed, in many parts of Great Britain, especially the north, that there are men who possess the ability of mastering and rendering powerless the most ungovernable of the insane, in the highest of their frenzy, by the sole efficacy of a *look*. It is indeed often asserted that no maniac can support the direct and steady regard of a sane man, -- an idea which is sufficiently refuted by the testimony of many respectable keepers of mad-houses, who have found the success of the experiment exceedingly precarious. The life of one in the western part of Pennsylvania had nearly fallen a forfeit to a rash attempt to subdue, by this means alone, the violence of a patient.

But in those of whom I speak the influence seems to be of a peculiar character, and is remarked never to fail of effect. The following instance of successful application was received from an English gentleman of undoubted veracity, and an eye-witness of most that he related. As the incident took place within the last fifteen years, it has been thought advisable to suppress the names of the parties.

A gentleman of family and fortune, in the west of England, by name Charles W—, had paid his addresses to the beautiful Miss P. youngest daughter of the Earl of H—, and had been favorably received. It was well known to the friends of Mr. W., of whom my informant was one, that his hopes of happiness were centered in the prospect of their approaching union, in which his affections were wholly engaged. No one who was acquainted with the amiable character of his bride, and the fairness of his worldly prospects, would have considered his expectations of future and lasting enjoyment ill-founded. About a week before the day fixed for the marriage, a letter was received from the executors of a rich but miserly uncle, informing him that the estate, of which he was the direct heir, and which alone (his own fortune being but moderate) had entitled him to intermarry with the wealthy and noble house of H—, was entirely lost to him, being, for some slight and unintentional offence, diverted from the direct course of inheritance in favor of a distant relation. His agitation on the receipt of this letter was remarked both by the inmates of his family, and by a party of gentlemen whom he joined a few hours afterwards in a fox-chase. During the course, and the dinner which followed at the inn of B., his actions as well as words were wild and extravagant. His excessive and even unnatural exhilaration was remarked by all, but it was attributed to the peculiar happiness of his present situation, (for the sudden defeat of his expectations was yet entirely unknown,) and to the wine, which, though habitually temperate, he drank that night in large quantities.

Late in the evening cards were introduced, in which Mr. W. joined with unusual eagerness, playing with a fierce recklessness that lost him almost every game. Yet any proposal to break off or reduce the stakes was received by him with high indignation, and resented as a personal affront. He swore several times, with bitter imprecations, that "he would let them know that he was rich enough for *them* yet." At length, after the gentleman had lost at least a thousand pounds by the most careless and injudicious play, one of the party declared that he could not conscientiously continue while Mr. W's nerves were in their present excited state — offering him, however, his revenge at any time he chose. At this declaration Mr. W. took fire, insisting that "His nerves were perfectly composed, — that the proceeding was unfair and ungentlemanly — that the whole was a cursed plot to trick

a poor man out of the small remnant of his fortune ; — but he would suffer no imposition, — he would show them that though poor he was still equal to the best of them." It was with much difficulty that a challenge was prevented from passing, and he went away in a state of high excitement, leaving the company amazed at the avowals of poverty from one who was supposed to be the richest man present. No one suspected that his losses on that evening had exhausted above a year's income.

"Early the next morning," continued the narrator, "I was awakened by a message from the housekeeper of my friend, an old and faithful domestic, requesting me to come immediately to the relief of her master, who was, as she expressed it, "in a desperate bad way." I learned from the messenger that his master had risen about an hour before, and during that time his actions had been so wild and irrational as to excite in the servants a suspicion of insanity. When I arrived, the report of the housekeeper left no doubt on my mind of the truth of their surmises, though of the cause of this sudden outbreak all were ignorant. The fit, she said, seemed to have seized him while shaving, and since then he had amused himself with talking tragedy — with breaking every article of furniture, or throwing it out of the window, — and at last by calling the servants to him, and driving them from the chamber with his open razor. He seemed to consider this an excellent joke, and I heard, as I entered, his convulsive shouts of laughter at the precipitate flight of a terrified footman.

"I opened the door of his chamber, and beheld a singular spectacle. The floor was strewn with fragments of furniture, the bureau and dressing-table were overturned, and the bed-curtains torn down, one of them being wrapped around his left arm as if he had been engaged in fencing. He was half dressed and half shaved, — his morning gown hung in strips from his shoulders, and the lather still clung to one ghastly cheek, while down the other ran a stream of blood from a gash which he had accidentally inflicted when the frenzy seized him. His head was sunk on his chest, and his arms folded, — the right hand still grasping the open razor. Suddenly he raised his head, and the wild glare of his unsteady eye told too surely that reason had for a while deserted her throne. He did not remark my entrance, but began, in a most feeling accent, and with a tone and gesture which I have never seen surpassed, (for it was from *nature*,) one of the most affecting of Lear's speeches. Before he had finished it, some noise which I made attracted his attention ; he started, gazed a moment irresolutely, and then advancing to me, saluted me with much courtesy. 'You must excuse my dishabille, Mr. G — —,' said he, 'from the earliness of the hour. I am very glad to see you, however. The reason of my sending for you was to ask a small favor of you, which

I know you will not refuse. I want you to stand my friend in a certain affair which I have on my hands. I am determined to challenge A——, and N——, and V——, (naming the gentlemen who had been his companions at play the night before,) all of them — all at once, by G—d! I will show them that I am still a match for the whole pack of them, though I *am* poor. And this is the way I'll take them; you see I have been practising tussle-fencing this morning; I will catch N's point under my own, so——, and settle V. with a side-lunge, thus——;' and he made a furious stab at me with his weapon, which I escaped by a hasty retreat; upon which he made the hall ring with his bursts of maniac laughter.

"I suggested to the housekeeper the propriety of securing the unhappy man and depriving him of his razor, otherwise there was every reason to fear some irreparable injury to himself or others. She had already sent, she said, for the family physician, and also for a certain William Waldo, a locksmith, who had acquired considerable reputation for his remarkable success in subduing the violence of insanity; and as the power was said to reside in his look, he commonly went by the name of 'the Crazy Eye.' I had heard of such individuals before, but never having given much credit to the accounts of their feats, I had naturally great curiosity to witness an attempt. In a short time Waldo arrived; he was a middle-aged man, with the look of an intelligent artizan, but nothing remarkable in his appearance. His eyes, I remarked, were of a dull hazel. He seemed to understand perfectly the business in which he was engaged, and to act like a man accustomed to such scenes. Opening the door of the chamber, he advanced boldly to the madman, who was in the heart of a soliloquy; and laying his hand firmly, but respectfully, on his shoulder, said, 'Sir, you are my prisoner.' The glare which he received was in the highest degree fierce and deadly, and I trembled for the fellow; but it was only for a moment, — the next instant the eye of the madman quailed before the steady, unwavering gaze of the *tamer*, — the wildness vanished from his look, and he yielded, without resistance, to the grasp of his conqueror. It was a strange sight, — the tall, athletic figure of my friend cowering before the slight and feeble form of the simple mechanic. He was immediately put to bed, and by the direction of the physician, who arrived soon after, bled and cupped. To all these operations he submitted with a patient sufferance, amounting almost to unconsciousness; for he was still under the influence of the locksmith's eye, which seemed to exert an almost fascinating effect upon him. I had a momentary glimpse of it, and I was not surprised at the power of the look. It was frightful. I cannot describe it; but I remember thinking, many years after, when I first read Coleridge's *Christabel*, that the picture of the sorceress's eye bore a most vivid likeness to

the image impressed on my memory. The iris seemed to be contracted, and, as it were, concentrated into the pupil, and the color had changed from hazel to a deep black; the lids were half-shut; and the whole character of the eye was what I may call snake-like. You will say that much, if not all, of this metamorphosis was supplied by my imagination; but the remembrance which I have of the look itself, and of my own horror at the sight, will not allow of such an explanation as satisfactory, at least to my own mind.

"My friend's malady, I am sorry to say, was never wholly subdued; and he died, a few months after this occurrence, of a brain fever. His betrothed is still single; I understand that she has since refused several unexceptionable offers. They loved each other, I think, with an affection that I have never seen surpassed.

"My curiosity was much excited, as you may suppose, by the scene of which I had been a witness; and I put several questions to the man on the nature of the singular power which he possessed. I obtained but little satisfaction. He himself was altogether ignorant of its origin, and had not even been aware of the change which took place in his eye, until it was remarked by his neighbors. The occasion on which he discovered that he possessed the power was somewhat remarkable.

"You may have heard of Sir William P——, who made a considerable figure in the political world about eighteen years ago. His death, I remember, created a great sensation in England. He had been a member of parliament from B—— for several years, and had distinguished himself by his vehemence in debate and his eccentricity. The latter quality had displayed itself, during the last session, rather awkwardly for him, in the introduction and support of several bills totally inconsistent with his known political sentiments and with the wishes of his constituents, among whom he was exceedingly popular. It being the eve of an election, they were desirous of hearing from their old and much-loved member an explanation of the course he had latterly pursued, not doubting but it must be perfectly satisfactory; for calumny itself had not dared to breathe a suspicion against the spotless integrity of Sir William P——. A grand dinner was accordingly given him, at which many hundreds of the most respectable landholders in the county were present. The speech which he delivered at the close was a singular medley. With much of sound political reasoning and statesman-like policy, there were mingled opinions and principles which the most fanatical Jacobin would have hesitated to utter—principles of an alarming tendency, yet advanced with an earnest warmth which left no doubt of his sincerity, and maintained with an acuteness of argument that few but himself were capable of. The auditors sat in speechless amazement, hardly able to believe the evidence of their senses — yet none suspected the real cause.

"Among those present was Waldo. He sat very near and opposite Sir William, so that he had a fair view of him throughout the evening. He remarked, as he said, an unusual wildness of the eye and tremulous movement of the hands, and he could not help regarding the baronet with a fixed look of astonishment, — with perhaps a slight mingling of indignation at what he heard. On a sudden their eyes met, and the effect was singular. The orator paused, leaned forward over the table at which he was speaking, and for the space of a minute fixed on his astonished constituent a glare of absolute horror; the expression of his eye, Waldo said, resembled that of a brute's under the influence of terror — dilating, and, as it were, shivering. At the end of the minute the baronet seemed by a strong effort to recover his recollection; shading his eyes with his hand, he sank pale and trembling into a seat, and was heard to say faintly — 'Take him away, — for God's sake, take him away! I cannot bear it.' Waldo, of course, immediately left the hall, but Sir William found himself unable to proceed in his address. The next day he was a raving maniac, and shortly after perished by his own hands in a most shocking manner.

"Waldo was surprised, on this occasion, by the universal declaration of all present, that his eye, while he regarded the baronet, had undergone an almost incredible change; some said it was contracted, — others that the color had altered; all agreed in terming the expression a terrible one, though none could account for its peculiar effect on the speaker, otherwise than by the supposition of some mysterious sympathy between that look and the insane mind. Waldo, naturally enough was inclined to consider the assertion as the offspring of that fondness for the marvellous which loves to account for every inexplicable event by a still more wonderful cause. It was not till after numerous and careful experiments had been followed by invariable success that he dared to attribute to himself a power which carries with it an appearance of something superhuman. At present, however, so settled is his conviction of the infallible efficacy of that look, that he does not hesitate to approach the most ungovernable maniac in his wildest paroxysm. He had never, he said, seen another possessing the same power, but had heard that in the north of Britain and in Ireland they were not uncommon; in the latter country they were generally known by the appellation of *tamers*."

How much of my English friend's narrative is to be ascribed to a lively imagination, and how much of truth there may be in the account, is left with the reader to decide. If the hypothesis of a real organic efficacy in the eyes of certain individuals be allowed, an explanation will perhaps be furnished of some remarkable facts that have for centuries perplexed the ablest physiologists. Whence arise the common belief that no animal, however furious, can endure the steady gaze of

a human eye? Fatal experience has proved that of all eyes this observation cannot be true; but the opinion could never have been so extensively diffused without the support of well-established instances. The epithet *snake-like*, applied by my friend to the expression of the locksmith's eye, leads to the consideration of the fascinating power which certain reptiles are said to possess, — a power which was once confidently denied, until multiplied observation had ascertained its existence, and which naturalists have attempted in vain to explain. Concerning the origin of this ocular influence, no conjecture in the present state of our experience can be hazarded; in the hope that it may lead to some further investigation of this remarkable phenomenon, the foregoing relation is submitted to the attention of the curious.

H. E. H.

A WISH.

WHEN I sink to sleep the sleep
 Once to come on every eye,
 Set no stubborn stone to keep
 Silent watch where I may lie.

Marble were too hard and cold,
 Thus to tower above my heart;
 Never may my name be told
 By a lifeless form of art.

Nature, that I loved so well,
 Till the power to love was o'er —
 Let her sweetly show and tell
 What I loved, when I'm no more.

Lay me where the shadowy pine,
 Sighing o'er my dust, shall wave.
 Let some humbly creeping vine
 Try to clasp me in the grave.

By the birds that wildly sing,
 By the verdure of the tree,
 By the lowest leafy thing
 May my friends remember me!

Newburyport, Mass.

H. F. G.

CERVANTES AND HIS WRITINGS.

"I will lay a wager," said Sancho, "that in no long time there will not be a tavern, inn, wine house, or barber's shop, where the history of our exploits will not circulate."

THUS spoke the faithful Squire of the ingenious Knight of La Mancha, as events have proved, in a spirit of prophecy. Little did its author imagine, however, that the fulfilment would so far exceed the prediction. Spain, France, and the low countries were, in his lifetime, the extent of his reputation and of his ambition; little did he imagine that his fame would so soon soar beyond those narrow limits to the banks of the Thames and the Neva; and still less, that from the feeble colonies which his countrymen were then planting on the shores of the newly-discovered Indies of the west, myriads of nations would arise of whom some would enjoy the offspring of his genius in its native Castilian, and proudly claim kindred with its author; and of whom others, though incapable of seeing his merits, save through the borrowed light of translations into their Saxon mother tongue, would scarcely yield to the former in love and admiration for him. No literary production enjoys such popularity. Shakspeare and Robinson Crusoe, which have been read more than all the rest of English literature together, are comparatively but little known and little appreciated in the south of Europe; but the people of the north, with more generosity or better taste, universally admit the claims of Cervantes to nearly the same extent as his own countrymen. It is yet true, as it was in the days of the renowned Cid Hamet Benengeli, that even children handle it and even the aged read it; and we scarcely think an apology necessary for devoting a few moments to a subject of this kind. It may be called old, this we admit — or worn out, but this we deny. No criticism can exhaust a work of such originality and such variety. As well might we say that the Apollo or the Laocoon has been worn out by constant study and observation; so far from it, that with this work, as with them, every new glance discovers new beauties. A book no one was ever tired of reading cannot surely be tedious to reflect or to discourse upon. This firm persuasion is our inducement, and must be our excuse, for the remarks we are about to offer, first, on the character of Cervantes and then on that of his works.

Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra was born at Alcalá de Henares, in New Castile, in 1547. The day of his birth is unknown; that of his baptism was the 9th of October. He was the son of Rodrigo de Cervantes and Leonora de Cortinas. The family of Cervantes was of

Galician origin, but had branched out into Toledo, Castile, and Seville. Their lineage was ancient and honorable ; a commander, Leonel de Cervantes, went out to New Spain under Captain Panfilo Narbaez, in 1519. Our author himself speaks in his *Caliope* of one Gonzalo de Cervantes Saavedra, distinguished, like himself, both as a soldier and poet ; and the author of the *Bibliotheca Hispanica Nova* mentions Fray Gonzalo de Cervantes Saavedra with approbation.

Cervantes seems to have been distinguished, even in early youth, for the same quickness of apprehension and the same love of letters which always characterized him. Having completed, at home, what then constituted a liberal education, consisting of some classics with a good proportion of scholastic theology, he went over to Italy, where we find him serving as page to Cardinal Aquaviva. Soon after it was that the whole of southern Europe, forgetting their private feuds on the approach of a common danger, formed that famous league against the Turks whose results were the battle of Lepanto and the checking for ever the Moslem's hopes of subjugating Christendom. At this battle, Cervantes, at this time twenty-four years of age, was present, and received that wound to which he more than once alludes with honest pride in his writings. On recovering from its effects he rejoined the squadron, which, after cruising for a time in the Grecian seas, returned to Italy. He there joined the Neapolitan forces, and remained for some time in that city, devoting, as we may fairly conclude, much of his leisure time to the language and literature of the country, with both of which his writings show him to have been familiar.

It was on his return from Naples to Spain, in 1575, that he was captured by pirates and carried prisoner to Algiers. It has been generally supposed that the episode of the Captain introduced into *Don Quixote*, was intended by Cervantes as a sketch of his own campaigns and captivity, but this is not strictly correct ; although their histories certainly correspond in some particulars. Thus the Captain is taken prisoner the day after the battle of Lepanto, Cervantes not till years afterwards. The Captain himself too mentions Cervantes ; and, speaking of his cruel master, Hassan Aga, he says : " Every day he hanged one, empaled another, cut off the ears of a third, and that for small cause or none at all. There was only one man who could manage matters with him, a Spanish soldier, named such a one de Saavedra ; and although he had done things which will be remembered by that people for years, and all to gain his liberty, still he never struck him a blow, nor ordered one to be struck, nor spoke a harsh word to him ; and for the very least of many things he did, we, all of us, feared that he would have been empaled, and he himself dreaded it more than once ; and were it not that time is wanting, I would now mention

some things that soldier did, which would cause us far more entertainment and wonder than the story of my adventures." But there is fortunately within our reach a more accurate source of information. It is the "*Topografia de Argel*," written by Fray Diego de Haedo, who was a fellow-captive with Cervantes, and who speaks, at some length, of those bold attempts he made to regain his liberty. It appears, then, that fifteen of the Christian captives, all Spaniards and all men of rank, concealed themselves for some time in a cave in Hassan's garden near the city, where they were supplied with provisions by Cervantes; that they had an understanding with a Majorcan named Viana, who had a vessel hovering on the coast, waiting for an opportunity to take them off. The only two persons, besides the prisoners, who knew of the plot, were the gardener, and a renegade who afterwards betrayed them. So far the story agrees with that told in *Don Quixote*.

But, unfortunately, the result was very different. The gallant captives, who had lurked in the cave till dampness and confinement had affected the health of many of their number, found no beautiful Zorayda to enrich them at once with her love and their own freedom; and there was no rich father whose gold and jewels might accompany the enamored daughter's flight. The renegade they had trusted abjured the Christian religion for the second time, and to make his conversion more acceptable, accompanied it with information where the missing captives were concealed. Hassan's soldiers took them all prisoners, and especially (says Father Haedo) "they bound Miguel de Cervantes, a distinguished gentleman of Alcalá de Henares, who was the author of all this matter, and therefore the more blamed." The unfortunate gardener was empaled, and the captives fell once more into the hands of their hard taskmasters. Haedo concludes his account of the affair as follows: "Wonderful to relate! for some of them were confined without seeing the face of heaven (except at night) for seven months, some for five, and others less; Miguel de Cervantes supporting them at the imminent hazard of his life, the which he was four times on the point of losing, and of being empaled or burned alive for things that he did to give liberty to others; and if his fortune had been equal to his courage, industry, and ingenuity, Algiers would at this day be in Christian hands, for he aimed at nothing less; finally, the gardener was hung up by one foot, and died choked with his blood; he was a Navarrese by birth, and a very good Christian. A whole book might be written concerning the things which happened in that cave during the seven months these Christians were in it, and concerning the captivity and exploits of Miguel de Cervantes. Hassan Pacha, king of Algiers, used to say, that if he had the lame Spaniard well guarded, his captives, vessels, and the whole city were safe! so much did they fear the machinations of this Cervantes."

The liberty which Cervantes made these bold but unsuccessful efforts to obtain, he finally acquired by the more usual method of ransom. In May 1580, after he had languished five years in slavery, he was redeemed by the two friars, the Redemptioners as they were styled, of Castille and Arragon, being persons representing those states in somewhat of an official capacity, whose duty it was to redeem as many of their subjects as the means supplied them by charitable persons at home would enable them to do. Cervantes's ransom was fixed at 500 ducats, a high price in those days. His widowed mother and his sister contributed one half of this sum — the remainder was supplied from the general fund. This appears from the original Report of these officers, preserved in the Royal Library of Spain.

For some years after his liberation, Cervantes resided at Madrid, and devoted himself to study, with but little other riches, however, beyond those with which nature and application had stored his mind. This compelled him to resort to his pen for support, and he wrote a great number of verses and comedies. About this time too he married Doña Catalina de Salazar Vozmediana y Palacios, a lady of noble family in the town of Esquivias. In the registry of the bride's native town, the original marriage contract is still, or was lately, preserved; a relic which we should suppose would be as proudly shown and as reverently eyed by every true Spaniard as Shakspeare's will, when produced by the official at Doctors' Commons, is by the pilgrim in England. The dowry, as specified in this document, would give us no very high idea of the bride's wealth. It consists of divers fruit-trees and beehives, of a garden, of furniture, domestic utensils, and articles of dress, now so obsolete as to be untranslatable without pages of explanation, although invaluable for a history of Millinery and Mantua-making; and even is so minute as to specify, "Item, a *fowlery* (to coin a word equivalent to gallinero,) comprising one cock, forty-five hens, and divers chickens." The only money part of the transaction consisting in 100 ducados, which the bridegroom settles on the lady, and which he declares amount to the tenth part of his whole fortune.

His Spanish biographers strongly hint that Cervantes was no more fortunate in wedded life than Socrates and many other distinguished martyrs to matrimony, and there are many things which render such a conclusion probable. Be this as it may, he continued his literary pursuits for some four or five years, when he repaired to Seville. Here his employment was that of a broker or agent, in which he seems to have been rather more successful than men of genius are apt to be.

Towards the year 1600 our positive information respecting him ceases, till we find him in Valladolid in 1604. But the generally accredited story is the following. The neighboring inhabitants in

La Mancha were frequently behindhand in paying the legal dues to the grand Prior of St. John, and when this happened it was the custom to send some person armed with legal authority from the Priory to collect them. It is said that at Consuegra, the chief seat of this Priory, tradition has preserved the fact that at the time of which we write, the inhabitants of Argamasilla la Alba, a little village in La Mancha, were thus in arrears, and that Cervantes was sent to them by the Prior to enforce payment, but that the stubborn defaulters set at defiance him and the process with which he was armed, and even threw him into prison. Whether this was the cause or not, the fact that he was sent to prison, and that there he wrote his *Don Quixote*, is certain. The prologue to the work itself is express. "What," says he, "can my sterile and ill-cultivated genius beget other than an offspring, dry, withered, whimsical, and full of strange fancies never entertained by any other, as one born in a prison, the abode of all discomfort." In the solitude of a dungeon his genius did not languish, nor did its gloom check the flow of his wit. It is true that Boethius, Grotius, Tasso, Mirabeau, Bunyan, and a host of others, have found inspiration within the naked walls of their prison house, but their writings express only their grief or their indignation, or else turn on the consolations of virtue and religion; Cervantes is the only man living who has composed a work of humour in this ungenial atmosphere.

In 1604 the first part of *Don Quixote* appeared, and was received at once, as we may well imagine, with shouts of laughter, applause, and admiration. It has been said, indeed, and that by no mean authority, that the public received this coldly at first, failing to see that the work was satirical, just as the well-fed churchmen and true blue presbyterians in England failed to discover the irony in De Foe's admirable "*Short Way with Dissenters*;" and that, to undeceive them, Cervantes wrote a little work called the *Buscapie*, in which he gave them to understand that his book was a satire on the most distinguished characters of the day, such as Charles V. and the duke of Lerma. But it is not true that it was coldly received at first. Four editions were published within a year after its appearance; and before the author's death, the number had increased to fourteen, a circulation which, when there were as yet no steam presses and no Harpers, is really prodigious. Nor is there any evidence that Cervantes was the author of this pamphlet, and he expressly denies that his satire ever had a personal tendency.

But although applause and compliments were freely showered on the author's head, it appears but too evident that he met with but a small portion of that more solid reward which is as necessary to men of genius as to more ordinary minds. Nor was the applause he received unmingled with censure. A powerful party was formed against

him by the authors and readers of books of chivalry; the former of whom he attacked in their sources of honor and profit, the latter in their taste and favorite pastime. But his most bitter enemy was the celebrated Lope de Vega, at that time at the head of the Spanish drama, and his numerous followers. His supremacy, it is true, was not undisputed; and a literary warfare, unsurpassed in energy, bitterness, and abusiveness, had long been waging between Lope de Vega and his friends, and a number of literary men, who considered his renown as beyond his deserts, and regarded the dramatic literature of Spain as faulty and corrupt. It is not necessary to rake up these "ineffectual fires" of a long-forgotten strife from their ashes. Suffice it to say that Lope had already found Cervantes among his enemies; and that the severe and sweeping criticism passed on the then Spanish drama in *Don Quixote* was by no means calculated to allay his resentment. The mutual ill-feeling was manifested in a paper war of sonnets, which did little credit to either; in which, however, if any difference can be found, those of Cervantes are most pointed, and those of Lope most abusive.

During the many years that Cervantes remained at Valladolid, the only circumstance related of him is one out of place in a poet's life — a difficulty with the ministers of justice. It appears that a certain Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, a cavalier attached to the court, which was then at Valladolid, had lodgings near Cervantes; that one night he sallied out, disguised and armed, probably on a love adventure, that he was met by a stranger, likewise armed, who ordered him to leave the spot; which, like a true cavalier, Don Gaspar refused to do. The natural result was a combat with swords, in which Don Gaspar fell, mortally wounded and crying for help. This took place directly opposite Cervantes's house. His neighbors hurried out to assist him — he was taken into the house, where he soon after expired. The officers of justice proceeded at once to examine his condition. All these things, it should be observed, appear in the official documents, which are still extant. They examined the deceased's clothes, and as the list of the contents of his pockets is somewhat characteristic, we shall extract it. They consisted in "72 reals in money, two golden rings, the one with small diamonds, which separates into three parts, and is an Ave Maria, and the other of emeralds: an ebony rosary; a purse of reliques; another purse containing flint, steel, and tinder, and three small keys." The depositions of Cervantes and the members of his family were taken, and, upon a suspicion, which seems to have been wholly without foundation, that some inmates of the house were the cause of the affray, he was put in confinement, and released only on giving security, and the members of the family also compelled to give security, and confine themselves within the walls of their house

till the further order of the court. These proceedings are in no other respect important, except that they confirm the facts previously stated as to Cervantes's marriage, place of residence, and employment.

For some years after, Cervantes seems to have past his time in fruitless solicitations of patronage, until, disgusted with the indifference of the wealthy and the powerful, he determined to leave the field to other competitors, and retire, as he himself phrases it, to his accustomed leisure, which he devoted chiefly to literary compositions. At this time appeared his *Novels*; a work which, inferior as it is to *Don Quixote*, displays such variety of invention, and a style so pure and elegant, as would alone entitle him to no mean rank among his country's authors.

Ten years had now elapsed since the first part of *Don Quixote* had been published, and its author was engaged upon the second when a rival, or rather a counterfeit, suddenly appeared, under the feigned name of the Licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. Who was the true author it is now impossible to discover. As to the work itself, the bitter fulminations of Cervantes against it, and the audacious forgery, have attracted for it a degree of attention which its actual merits are far from deserving; and it is now treasured by collectors as a literary curiosity. To say that it is far inferior to the genuine work, would mark the difference between them but faintly; they are as unlike each other as dulness and wit, clumsiness and grace, barrenness and fertility, coarseness and elegance, can possibly be. Its appearance only hastened Cervantes to conclude his second part, which appeared in 1615. By this time the fame of the ingenious knight had spread throughout all the world. It was a time when the Spanish language had the same pre-eminence and the same universality in the civilized world which the French has now. In France, we are told by contemporary authority that every person of good education, of both sexes, could speak Spanish; and the scraps of that language scattered through the comedies of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and their fellows, as specimens of the cant words of the day, show that it was nearly as general in England. This is proved by the well-known anecdote of the French embassy in Madrid, the members of which, in conversation with some distinguished Spaniards, as soon as Cervantes's name was mentioned, began to extol him in the highest terms. Many of them could repeat nearly the whole of his works from memory. The ecclesiastic who mentions this anecdote, states that they inquired very particularly as to his profession and fortune; "To which," says he, "I found myself obliged to answer that he was aged, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor." Whereupon one of them replied, "And does not Spain then keep such a man rich at the public cost?" Another of the gentlemen took

up the remark with much ingenuity, and exclaimed, "If it is want that forces him to write, pray Heaven he may never enjoy plenty, that the offspring of his poverty may continue to make a whole world rich."

The anxious and troubled life of our author was already drawing to a close. A disease with which he had been afflicted for some time gradually assumed an incurable appearance. He was fully aware of this, but it in no degree diminished his cheerfulness, as is apparent from the prologue to his *Persiles*, wherein he describes his own sad condition with much of the melancholy pleasantry of Sterne's Yorick on his death-bed. His powers of mind and his good humour continued until his last moments.

On the 18th of April, 1616, he received extreme unction, and on the next day wrote the dedication of his *Persiles* to his benefactor, the Conde de Lemos. On the 23d of the same month he died, aged sixty-nine. It is well known that our Shakspeare died on the same day. His funeral was simple, and humble as his whole life had been. He was buried in the convent of the Sisters of the Trinity at Madrid. No stone marks the spot where he lies, no epitaph proclaims whose dust it is that sleeps below. He did more for his country's literature than all other men, yet no inscription tells us even so little as "Here Cervantes was born," or "Here Cervantes is buried." But in this there is the merit of consistency at least. Splendid funeral rites and costly monuments to the dead would have been too glaring a contrast to the poverty and suffering in which the living was left to languish; and such late remorse and unavailing justice would have worn the air of mockery. It is better, then, as it is; let his name go down with those of Camoens and Tasso, Milton and Otway, on the long list of great minds which were misunderstood and neglected by the meaner spirits around them. He will serve as another proof of the useful though melancholy lesson all experience teaches, that it is dangerous to surpass the ordinary level, even in intellect; and that the fate of the son of Apollo is too often that of the Trojan prophetess—to feel the inspiration within, yet to pour it forth to unwilling ears and indifferent hearts; to have his claims to the favor of the deity sneered at or unheard, and acknowledged at last only when he can no longer enjoy his triumph.

Our reader need not fear that we intend enlarging on the merits of *Don Quixote* with as much prolixity as we have on the life of its author. Let any critic, if such should chance to be, who doubts its pre-eminence, apply to it the test whereby Moliere judged of his success, and read it to his housekeeper. There are, however, some men of such intensely mathematical genius, that they are not satisfied to be pleased without knowing why they are pleased. For the gratification of such, we can say that a commentator of the square and

compass school of criticism has ascertained satisfactorily that Cervantes's work is constructed according to the strictest rules of criticism; and therefore the pleasure they take in its perusal is perfectly lawful and proper to indulge in. So far does another of the same kidney carry his admiration of the *Don*, as to assure us that, though comic, it is really and truly an epic poem, just in the same way as the opera buffa is still opera; and he has spent page after page of good disquisition in pointing out its resemblance to the strains of blind *Mæonides* and the *Swan of Mantua*, and discussing the question whether the wanderings and various adventures of him of the *Rueful Countenance* are most akin to the sufferings of the tempest-tost *Ulysses* or those of the pious *Æneas*. We cannot pause to decide the question, nor yet to examine whether we are to look to more modern times for the model of the work, and to find it in the prosy twaddling of good bishop *Heliodorus*, or in the licentious elegance of *Apuleius*. If we might venture a theory, which, though perhaps hazardous, is not without plausibility, we should say that we are to look to neither of these sources. It is absurd to say that he who could heap adventure on adventure, and string chapter on chapter, throughout four volumes, and those chiefly of that kind which pall the soonest, viz. the humorous; he whose invention could make the reader his captive in the first page, and keep him so to the last one; was forced to look to times ancient or modern for the form or mould after which we was to labor. But this was always the fault of Spanish critics; the rules of Aristotle were in their judgment infallible as the canons of the Church, and a novelty in literature was as odious in their eyes as a heresy in religion. And, not content with having assigned Cervantes a model he never had in view, they insist on ascribing to him an object he never dreamed of. We have already alluded to the little book called the *Buscapie*, and the attempt made to convert the work into a political satire.

But the Spanish critics are not alone in such wild fancies, an Englishman has even surpassed them in absurdity. We allude to the Rev. Mr. Bowles, who gravely contends that the whole book is a covert satire on the Jesuits, and their founder, *Ignatius de Loyola*. It will be sufficient to observe, that if the book does contain such a satire, it has been so carefully hid that it was reserved for a foreigner to detect it. Equally unfounded, we may beg leave to remark, is the very general idea that the book was written to ridicule the institutions and manners of chivalry. This has been said, in the language of sober fact, and dilated upon in that of poetical exaggeration; and we are gravely told that *Don Quixote*, spite of its literary merit, had in truth and in fact, a bad influence on the Spanish character; that it held up to ridicule all those pure feelings and high impulses which were

cherished by the spirit of chivalry, and supplied their place with mean prosaic matter-of-fact. Some scribbler has even had the sagacity to discover, that from the time it was published, Spain gradually declined in greatness. With equal felicity and equal truth we might say that the Florentine Republic never held up her head after Dante wrote the *Divina Commedia*; for his poem had just as much to do with the decline of her greatness as Cervantes's novel had with that of Spain. A few words will suffice to blow to the winds all this namby-pamby stuff about the spirit of chivalry. In the first place, this spirit never actually existed. No one, of course, supposes its magic and supernatural embellishments to have really existed; but many seem to think that there is some foundation of fact for all this edifice of fiction; and that King Arthur and Archbishop Turpin may have actually flourished at some indefinite distance of time, though shorn of their fair proportions. The days of chivalry, such, we mean, as are mentioned in *Don Quixote*, it is well known cannot be found in any good Chronological Table; nor does the field where they were enacted appear on any correct map. In the 16th century they were said to have flourished in the 15th, in the 15th they were traced back to the 14th; and thus they go on,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,

till they are swallowed up in obscurity. So too, as to place, the French and Spanish writers on chivalry lay their scene in England: do we examine England for the domicil of Palmerin of England, of Arthur, and Merlin? we find we must go still farther. We are pointed to Denmark; alas! stubborn facts and veracious travellers assure us that the Danes are a quiet, blue-eyed race of peasants and fishermen, guiltless of splintered lances and courts of love. Even the Sultan of Trebisond, whose court supplied adventures to thousands of these fabulous heroes, appears to have been human in its proportions; and modern enterprise has penetrated even to the ultima thule of knight-errantry, the dominion of Prester John, without finding any trace of superhuman valor in the men, or more than mortal fidelity in the women. It is true that a quantity of novels existed for centuries, not such as indeed are now poured forth in twin duodecimos from steam-presses, but of more goodly dimensions and solid frame,

"Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

of stalwart knights striding over continents in seven-league boots, or cutting the air with rail-road speed on enchanted griffins; and of their

ladies true, who passed years in wandering, now beset by robbers, now carried off by pirates, now in the hands of equally ruffianly knights-errant, and now journeying for months through shady roads, in company with their favored knights; and all not only without fear, but, what is still more incredible, without reproach. These books, a relishing criticism whereof is made by the Curate and Barber in Don Quixote's closet before proceeding to the grand cremation, were in great vogue in Cervantes's time. No one was absurd enough to suppose that their doughty chevaliers, with their dainty ladye-loves, their enchanted castles, hypogriffs, and necromancers, had ever had any real prototypes; yet they were devoured with the same eagerness with which fictions in better taste and better keeping are now. It was to criticize these works, and to cure the public of their taste for such trash, that Don Quixote was composed; and to say that its tendency was to destroy the national feeling of honor and valor, is about as wise as it would be to say that a satire on the Minerva press school of novel writing, on "the Sorrows of Sensibility" for instance, or the "Victim of delicate distresses," would blot out of English nature all tender emotions, all natural kindly feeling.

In these days of better taste we can hardly imagine how wide a circulation these books had; and we may be excused for alluding to one or two of the principal. They were divided into two great classes. The first is the history of those personages to whom Dante has, with great propriety, assigned a place in his *Inferno* with Paris and Helen — King Arthur, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Merlin, Queen Ginevra and her roguish duenna — all of whom are English. The next class is that which treats of "those French matters," as the Curate says, and which immortalizes the feats of Don Amadis de Gaul, and Don Ciron-gilio of Thrace, Don Reynaldo de Montalvan, and Archbishop Turpin, the Twelve Peers and their fellows; strange compounds, as to incidents, of heathen mythology, northern magic, oriental story-telling and western superstition; and as to style, of bombast and frigid conceit. What would the subscribers to a modern circulating library say to such a sentence as this: "By reason of the unreason which is done to my reason, my reason is enfeebled in such manner that with reason I complain of your beauty;" or this: "The lofty heavens which fortify your divinity divinely with the stars of your beauty, make you deserving of the desert which your greatness deserves."

Yet it was over brass-clasped folios, filled with such stuff as this, that the sentimental young ladies of the sixteenth century languished. The oldest of these works, *Amadis de Gaul*, enjoys all the reputation of a classic. France, Spain, and Portugal disputed the honor of having produced it. So esteemed was it, that at one time, we are told, a copy was to be found in every family; it was deemed a model of lan-

guage ; and Henry III. of France used to place it in his library between Aristotle and Plato. It was against this, and similar farragos of nonsense, that Cervantes sharpened his pen — not against any feeling of honor or loyalty, however exalted or however misplaced. Had Don Quixote laid his lance in rest against the feelings of the so called days of chivalry, it would have been wilder madness than when he levelled it against windmills. The object of this satire we may call literary ; it was to improve his countrymen's taste in reading, not to alter, much less to impair, their character. That the work grew greatly under the author's hands, and put on a shape different from what he at first intended, can easily be conceived. He could, in fact, hardly have proceeded any distance without being aware what a rich field for humor and satire he had entered on — and he was one who would not leave its advantages unimproved. There are many reasons to suppose this to be the true theory. To instance a single one. One of the strongest points in Sancho Panza's character, is that fondness for stringing together old saws in season and out of season, which made his master exclaim, "I verily believe that every one of the Panzas was born with a bag of proverbs in his belly ;" and yet during the first half, nay, nearly the whole of the first volume, not a single one falls from his lips. This trait was evidently an after-thought.

We have said we could not venture to try our readers' temper by enlarging on the beauties of Don Quixote ; we fear it would be equally tried were we to seek, too minutely, for its faults. As far as style is concerned, it has none ; it is a model of language, varying through all the shades, from intense pathos to broad fun ; yet pure, chaste, and classical in all. Indeed, so perfect is it in this respect, that it loses inconceivably, in a translation. There is, too, a gravity about the Castilian eminently adapted to quiet humor, which is wholly lost in the process of transfusion. We lose, too, the striking effect produced by contrast, when the valorous Manchegan abandons ordinary language to discourse in the antiquated style of his books of chivalry, which he invariably does when any deed of high emprise awaits his arm ; whether the chastising of the choleric Biscayan, or the succoring the hosts of king Paralipomenon against those of Pandofilado with the naked arm, or whether he breathe out his soul in tender complaints to the dove of Toboso and phenix of La Mancha. Another instance of how much may be lost by this change of phraseology is found in his faithful Squire. We are astonished to find Sancho so easily deceived by his master's promise to make him governor of an island, and so totally ignorant of its nature as to suppose one can exist in the middle of Spain — because, in English, the only word to express the idea, island, is one in so common use that every one must know its meaning ; but when we look to the original, we find that Don Quixote, when pro-

mising Sancho his government, always uses, instead of the familiar word *Isla*, which he would of course have understood, an antiquated latinized term *Insula*, borrowed from his books ; which, of course, the worthy Governor of Baratania is very excusable for not comprehending.

One fault, which cannot be denied, is numerous anachronisms. The first part was completed in 1604 — and the action occupies one hundred and sixty-five days — yet Sancho says he had spent eight months from home. On his return Don Quixote remains quiet a month ; yet in the second part we find allusions to the expulsion of the Moors, which occurred in 1615. Sancho's letter to his wife, from the Duke's castle, is dated 20th July, 1614 ; and, what is still more singular, the housekeeper is spoken of, in the first part, as forty years of age, and in the second, as fifty. The explanation of this is, that ten years elapsed between the writing of the two parts ; and that Cervantes, in his haste, did not always distinguish between the actual time and that at which these fictitious events were supposed to take place.

We could find it in our hearts to be yet eloquent at great length on a subject so inexhaustible. But we will be merciful, and conclude by merely reminding our readers of one merit in which Cervantes is unapproached by any other author, ancient or modern. We do not refer to the fertility of his invention and the stores of his fancy, or to the dignity of his serious style and the richness of his comic humor ; nor yet to the manly religious feeling, pure morality, and high honor and refined taste which are visible in every page. What we refer to is this : Homer wrote the *Odyssey* after the *Iliad* — the author of *Paradise Lost* gave the world nothing better than *Paradise Regained* — Tasso's continuation of *Jerusalem Delivered* has been forgotten from its utter worthlessness — and the second part of Goëthe's *Faust* is both extravagant and tame — Cervantes is the only man who has written a book of which the second part was equal to the first.

MEN AND BOYS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

THE storm of battle has burst its bands,
 Who now will sit idle with folded hands?
 Shame on thee, dastard, go crouch by the fire,
 Go hide among girls, and from men retire;
 But, despised and dishonored thy name shall be,
 No German maiden kisses thee,
 No German song inspires thee,
 No German wine-cup refreshes thee.
 Fill the bowl,
 Each gallant soul,
 Inscribed on Freedom's muster roll!

When the live-long night, we've in watching past,
 'Mid the pelting rain and the howling blast,
 Thou may'st, 'tis true, be snugly dozing,
 On costly couches soft reposing;
 But despised and dishonored thy name shall be, &c.

When the battle-trumpet's brazen clang,
 To our hearts, like Heaven's thunder rang,
 Thou mayest a taste for opera cherish,
 And tickle thine ear with bravura and flourish;
 But despised and dishonored, &c.

When we sink under the sun's fierce beam,
 And sigh in vain for a cooling stream,
 Thou mayest over rich dainties be laughing,
 Thou mayest sparkling champagne be quaffing;
 But despised and dishonored, &c.

When we in the thick of the murderous strife,
 Think for the last time on mistress and wife,
 Thou mayest hie to the minions of pleasure,
 And purchase their hireling favors for treasure;
 But despised and dishonored, &c.

When the bullet whistles, the lances resound,
 And death's thousand phantoms encompass us round,
 Thou mayest at billiards be victorious,
 And win at the chess-board battles inglorious;
 But despised and dishonored, &c.

Our last knell strikes — we must yield up our breath,
 Then welcome a soldier's glorious death,
 Uner silken coverlets lying,
 Thou tremblest with fear of dying;
 And despised and unhonored thy death shall be,
 No German maiden weeps for thee,
 No German song is sung for thee,
 No German wine-cup is crowned for thee.
 Fill the bowl,
 Each gallant soul,
 Inscrib'd on Freedom's muster roll!

THE CONSONANCE BETWEEN LITERATURE AND LIBERTY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

THEY who discover, and they who establish truths of any kind soever, have a singular destiny. They are, at first, accused of being visionary, foolish, or seditious ; they are blamed for saying that which has never before been said, and thus threatening every thing which exists ; they are exclaimed against for creating innovation, confusion, and a contempt of the past. When, in spite of this outcry, the truths which they proclaim, triumph, the tune is changed ; they are no longer innovators, they are plagiarists ; what they now say has been said a hundred times before ; all the world has long been of the like opinion, and they have usurped the honor of the discovery.

Did we read, with attention, the works of those authors who have pledged themselves to oppose every thought of liberty, my remark would appear well-founded. During the last thirty years, the philosophers of the eighteenth century were called by them promoters of faction, and the attachment of the great men of the eighteenth century to absolute power was esteemed a proof of the excellence of that power. At the present day, when they know their cause to be ruined, they set about depriving our philosophers of the glory of being the first who arrayed themselves against despotism, and they claim the priority for the age of Louis XIV. All the principles of liberty, say they, may be found in Massilon, in Bourdaloue, and even in Bossuet.

Whether they are wrong or right, this change in their language does not the less establish the important fact — that victory is conceded to the principles of liberty ; and that all glory, whether ancient or modern, must, to be lasting, be associated with these principles.

Finally, as I love, above all things, to discover the truth, and as I am at the same time delighted in numbering the defenders of a noble cause, to meet among them the great talents of all ages, I willingly adopt the newer system of the authors of whom I speak, and I believe that I shall perform a very useful service in furnishing them with reasoning and facts which tend to the support of this new system, but of which indeed they had never dreamed, because they have not traced up the question to such a height. The horizon of the mind of party is always narrow in its extent.

It is not indispensable for a writer who has ideas of liberty, that he should attach himself to any particular form of social organization which this or that person may consider more or less favorable to liberty. There are certain expressions which show that such a writer cannot be a friend to despotism, whatever may be his thoughts on positive institutions. His not having just ideas with regard to these objects, is because he does not know how to attain liberty; but he desires it, he is friendly to it; and even if a man be attached to a form of government free in appearance, it does not follow that he is a friend of liberty. On the contrary, he can be its enemy; we had many examples of this during the revolution.

To prove what I have here stated, I take the history of Roman literature.

To the absolute dominion exercised by Augustus, the literary splendor of the age which bears his name has often been attributed; and, this fact being acknowledged, an attempt is made to assign its cause. It is pretended that nothing can be more favorable to the progress and perfection of literature, properly so called, than the unbounded dominion of one man. This form of government is said to throw a great lustre around the possessor of power, to encourage luxury, to preserve internal peace, to stifle ambition, to wake up vanity, to cast obstacles in the way of political investigation; and thus it compels men, who are eager for distinction, to seek for it in arts or letters, and multiplies the number of aspirants to this kind of fame by taking away every other incentive from those whom poverty does not impel to mechanical labors, who are not exclusively devoted to their private affections, whom the desire of gain does not push into commercial speculations, and whose rank does not call them to some secondary enjoyment of power. From this state of things, it is argued that thence arises in the minds of all the class superior to the multitude, a love for elegance in form, a delicacy of taste, which can neither be acquired nor displayed except in quiet times. This result more especially arises for that lettered class to whom literary successes (which in those countries where liberty reigns and passion agitates, are only used as means for arriving at some more important ends) become in themselves the principal, and indeed, *sole* objects of pursuit; and by such men, the domain, which is their own, is the more assiduously cultivated the more exclusively they are confined within its bounds.

I believe, on the contrary, that it is easy to prove that the chief works of Roman literature, although many have been produced under a despot, owed their existence and their merit to the remains of liberty; because the progress of literature, separated, as some delight to consider it, from every political idea, always clings (without doubt not to an explicit and secured freedom, but) to a mental emotion, which is

never an entire stranger to the remembrance, the possession, the hope, in a word, the sentiment of liberty.

This sentiment, and the regret of not daring to manifest it, may be found in all the great writers of the Augustan age. Unhappily they have combined it with the vilest flattery. One of the crimes of tyranny is to force talent to degrade itself. But this sentiment exists, though secret and suppressed; and it even constitutes the principal beauty of those works which flattery disgraces.

The first observation that suggests itself to us, is, that, with the exception of Horace, Ovid, and Virgil, all the men who were eminently distinguished in Roman literature, were anterior to the establishment of the power of Augustus; and that many were enemies of that tyrant.

Lucretius and Catullus died before the usurpation of Cæsar. The latter detested the usurper. Some of the epigrams which he composed are still extant; and Suetonius, whom we ought to regard rather as an organ of general opinion than as judging for himself, says that these epigrams inflicted mortal wounds on Cæsar.

Sallust betrayed the national cause: but then he was degraded by shameful pleasures; and the corruption which in many men is the effect of slavery, was, in Sallust, that of principle. He prostituted, but did not owe his talents to tyranny. Cicero had composed the greater number of his best works, not only before the despotism of Octavius, but before Cæsar had been assassinated.

Cæsar himself, whom we must detest for his crimes toward his country, was one of the most eloquent of orators; and his Commentaries show him to be a writer replete with elegance, force, and address.

Consequently, from eight to ten authors, who compose the literary wealth of this illustrious age, five of the greatest belong to the times of liberty.

I will observe that I have spoken neither of Ennius, nor of Lucilius, nor of Varro, (of whom we possess only a few fragments,) nor even of Terence, who died more than a century and a half before Cæsar, and whose language, the purest, the most elegant, perhaps, that is found in any writer of antiquity, displays a literature arrived at high perfection. When we reflect that Terence is separated from Plautus, whose comic powers do not excuse his grossness, but by an interval of twenty-eight years, the progress of that literature cannot be disputed, and the splendid protection of Lælius and Scipio, extended to an African slave, proves that to the most illustrious Romans this progress was not an object of indifference.

To elevate itself to a high degree of merit, Roman literature had then no need of what is called the shelter of absolute power. The

impulse was given to all minds, and it was every day purified by taste. Though we find in the writings of Sallust and Lucretius certain gross expressions, there are none in Cicero, Cæsar, or even in Catullus, — at least he did not fall with pleasure into obscenity, his was not a willing profligacy of mind. Besides, we must distinguish that which taints the literature of an age from a mere passing shadow, the reprehensible, but momentary amusement of a writer. Horace, under Augustus, is still more indecent than Catullus. I do not think that it can be fairly inferred from the license of Voltaire in the *Guerre de Genève*, that there was very little delicacy in French literature in the age in which he wrote. Letters in Rome were arrived at that point where taste always commences its purification.

That facility in wit, that niceness in manner, that rapidity in allusion, that propriety in terms, which constitute the perfection of art, and which is attributed to the absence of political interests and to the protection of despots, the times, without the fatal aid of such degrading protection, would have been able to confer on men of literature; for we already admired them in Cicero. Let us see now if the masters of Rome did better than the times would have done.

I have already said, that, among the great writers of Rome three alone truly belonged to the Augustan age: Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. The two first, once enemies of Augustus, became his *protégés*; the third was his victim. I shall not stop to characterise the latter, firstly, because he is inferior to the two others, and lastly because I only wish to point out certain ideas: but I will prove, I believe, that Horace and Virgil, so far from owing the perfecting of their talents to despotism, always turned looks of regret or desire on the face of liberty; and that these desires and those regrets, the expression of which involuntarily escaped them, constitute what is most beautiful, most profound, and most elevated in their works.

Horace, it is known, fought under Brutus. He had been a military tribune under the last defender of Roman liberty; and since, being the son of a freed man, he had obtained that dignity, disproportionate to his birth,

"Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum,
Nunc quia sum tibi, Mæcenâs, convictor, ut olim
Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno,"

it is evident that he was distinguished under the banners of the republic before the battle of Philippi. He threw away his buckler, he tells us, and took to flight in that battle;

"Relictâ non bene parmulâ;

and from this *bon mot* of a fugitive, now become a poet, we are to be hurried on to the conclusion that he applauded himself for his cowardice,

and that he had witnessed, without a pang, the ruin of the cause which he served! But, do we know to what degree he believed himself forced to exaggerate the shame of his defeat and the excess of his terror? Despotism condemns men to disguise their virtues, as governments which have true liberty obliges them to cloak their vices. Moreover, Horace tells us, that through zeal in the cause of his country, he had left the sweet retreats of Athens :

“Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato,
Civilesque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis;
Unde simul primum me demisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, in opemque paterni
Et laris et fundi,”

dissipated his fortune and risked his life. Poor, proscribed, fugitive, he returned to Rome; and, yielding with the rest of the world, he crouched to Octavius and begged for the protection of Mæcenas. But even in the midst of that resignation no where did Horace, and we feel truly grateful for this, insult the party which he had defended; no where did he renounce it. He flattered Augustus never as the destroyer of liberty, but for having conquered the enemies of the Roman name. Better still: every thing honorable that it was possible to say for the sustaining of liberty under a deceitful and suspicious usurper, he introduces in his odes. Twice sings he the glory and the death of Cato; and these two passages are among the sublimest in his poetry.

If we turn from the public to the private life of Horace, we shall observe a man whose personal security was in danger, and who, to regain it, sought to make himself agreeable to existing powers; deceived in the civic hopes of his youth, he took refuge in pleasure as the only way of drowning the sense of a life which liberty did not inspire. If we read him with attention, we are struck, every time that his subject leads him to remembrances which he endeavors to repel, with I know not what involuntary impulses, which induce him to pronounce anathemas against tyranny even while he bows before it to the dust. Sometimes he represents a just man immoveable before the master who threatens him; and, in an ode to Fortune, in favor of Augustus, he is suddenly compelled, in his own despite, to paint tyrants clothed in purple, fearing lest destiny should, with injurious foot, overturn their column, and the people assembled from all parts should cry to arms and destroy their empire.

“Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma apantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.”

I surely do not wish to represent Horace as an enthusiast for liberty;

all I would say is, that the memories of liberty were neither strangers to his soul nor valueless to his talents ; that perhaps his genius would never have soared so high, if, in his youth, he had only been familiar with thoughts of submission and the practice of obedience ; that to the companion of Brutus, as well as to the flatterer of Mæcenas, belongs a part of the loftiness of his expressions and of the sublimity of his thoughts ; and that we form a wrong idea of Horace when we imagine him brought up fashioned and formed under despotism.

Virgil does not share with Horace the honor of being the armed adversary of tyranny ; but, like him, he too was oppressed by its power ; he was driven from his paternal fields by the satellites of Octavius. We meet in his verses, as well as in those of Horace, much flattery of the tyrant ; but we likewise find eulogiums on the martyrs of liberty. It was Cato, whom he chose from among all the heroes who had existed prior to his day, to give laws to the just in Elysium.

Let us commiserate, but not blame him too harshly, for not having dared to name Cicero. Is there no one among ourselves, who, in stormy times, has sometimes been silent when he ought to have spoken ? And Virgil, when he praised the Grecian orators, felt sure that all the Romans who remained in Rome would think, in their secret souls, of the great citizen whom he was forbidden to name.

Thus, in the midst of the prosperity of servitude, we see Horace seeking for consolation in the Epicurean philosophy, in indolence and the pleasures of sense ; we behold Virgil yielding himself up to an habitual melancholy. Both fled the court, and breathed freely only in retirement. Surely, if the encouragement of authority and the protection of the depositories of absolute power are the blessings most esteemed by those who cultivate arts and letters, it is singular that the two greatest poets of the age of Augustus, loaded with his favors, should always have displayed a desire of removing themselves from his presence. I may be deceived — but, upon examining their conduct, I am tempted to believe that all the benefits of power, so boasted by subordinate minds, are rather a necessity to which true genius submits, than a prosperity which it is ambitious to gain.

If from the illustrious epoch of Roman literature you take Lucretius, Sallust, Cæsar, Cicero, Catullus, and if you are compelled to accede that Virgil and Horace were not formed by Augustus, but submitted to his yoke after having tried to fly away and resist it, what proof remains of the efficacy of a despotism in the encouragement of talent ?

If you descend still lower ; if you follow Roman literature after the age of Augustus, what do you perceive ? A decadence which may be observed in two ways : by the abasement into which slavery precipitated the mass of vulgar souls, and by the exasperated state into which

the same bondage cast the small number of souls that were still noble and elevated.

In all the estimable authors who wrote under the emperors, we discover something rough, emphatic, and exaggerated; the fruit of the constraint they suffered, and of the grief of a constantly restrained indignation. Those men, who have lived under a tyranny without entirely degrading themselves, know that physical existence itself becomes a burthen to them. The air which they breathe is stifling, they respire with difficulty; a mountain rests upon the heart. Read Lucian, Seneca, Persius, Juvenal; if, in that decline of literature, you seek for the source of the beauties which are still theirs, you will find it in the stoicism in which the love of liberty took refuge. Velleius Paterculus, that wretched flatterer of Sejanus, who probably expiated his baseness at the same time that his protector expiated his crimes, became animated in the praises of Cicero; and the hatred of tyrants furnished some sublime thoughts even to Suetonius. Under Trajan patriotism reappeared and the love of liberty awoke; then Quintillian and Tacitus shed their lustre. With the appearance of liberty, literature arose. Meanwhile Tacitus spoke his resentment of the despotism which had preceded him: he is an admirable author; but, in a literary point of view, very far from the purity of taste which distinguishes the writers of the Augustan age. Liberty was eclipsed anew, and literature expired with Pliny the Younger.

VERSION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

THE winds were shrill — the waves were mountain high,
The fragile barque was lifted on the wave,
And Danæe pour'd her bitter, bitter cry,
And gazed on Perseus and the yawning grave.

"My child," she said, "while breakers toss our chest,
And chilly night-winds rush across the deep,
In balmy sleep thou liest as at the breast,
Thy coral lips are smiling, though asleep.

"The gentle moon with a voluptuous light,
Is up, and quivers on the heaving sea,
But in my dank, unjoyous barque, the night
Is doubly drear to me.

"Enwrapt within thy purple mantle warm,
 Thou dost not hear the billows booming wild ;
 Thy clustering locks are shelter'd from the storm,
 Beautiful child !

"Ah ! could'st thou half thy mother's anguish know,
 Thy lids, as yet unsullied with a tear,
 With sympathetic floods would overflow,
 Thy tranquil bosom palpitate with fear.

"Yet, darling, sleep, ye billows cease to roll,
 Be hush'd ye winds that battle with the main,
 Ye fiercer storms that prey upon my soul,
 When shall that soul be lull'd to peace again ?"

F. W. S.

THE COLUMN OF THE DESERT.

Χρηὶ δ' ὅσις εἴ σὺ, καρτερεῖν θεῶ δόσιν.

EURIPIDIS ALCEST.

DAYS were fast growing into weeks, and yet the large Caravan, which was holding its weary way to the gates of Bassora saw nothing around it but sand — sand. Scarcely a shrub, or weed, or blade of grass had appeared to relieve the eye of the toil-worn wanderers from the eternal sameness of the scene around since their last encampment at a watering-place too scanty to supply their wants. Days had passed since then : their principal guide had perished of thirst and weariness, and now there was not one amongst that numerous company who could, with any degree of certainty, point out the proper course to the city, whose gates they would have greeted as those of their Prophet's paradise.

In this emergency a halt had been called, and the leaders had met to deliberate. As no one knew the direct course to Bassora, they resolved to continue that which they were still holding, until something should occur to relieve them from their doubts ; two camels, whose owners had died the preceding day, were killed, — and their blood, and the small quantity of water still remaining in their stomachs, equally divided among the fainting band ; and the more valuable portions of their burdens being secured, the remainder was left as a spoil for the next passer-by. These arrangements had scarcely been made, and the Caravan again put in motion, ere two or three horsemen of the company, who were riding in advance, exclaimed that some tall object

was in sight. Every eye was instantly turned in the direction pointed out; and those who had sufficient strength for the effort, mounted to the top of their camels' load to obtain a more extensive view. Among these was a Fakir, whose light heart had supported him when stronger men had failed, and who, by many a wondrous tale, had continued to beguile the tedium of the way, and to earn, at the same time, a few honest sequins. "Bismillah!" cried he, as he reached the summit of the load, "now, my fellow-travellers, will I be your guide; yonder is the pillar of Haslan and Ayeza, — reach but that, and you are safe: an arrow's shot beyond it lies a grove of palms and abundance of the sweetest water in the desert!" A loud shout of joy greeted the Fakir's announcement. Heat, fatigue, and thirst in an instant were forgotten. The camels, either conscious of the proximity of water, or goaded on by their impatient drivers, advanced with renewed energy; and the whole cavalcade, which, but a moment before,

"dragged its slow length along,"

the very image of weariness and despondency — touched by the magic wand of the Fakir's intelligence, pressed forward with the same celerity which had marked its exit from the gates of Cairo. An hour's travelling brought the sufferers to the spot so anxiously desired; but who shall attempt to paint the tumult and confusion which followed their arrival? Maddened by thirst, each rushed furiously to the well, and many a precious moment was lost whilst rival candidates contended for the delicious draught. Order, however, was at length restored, and the now refreshed travellers betook themselves to repose under the grateful shade of the adjacent palms.

The Fakir, who, since his assumption of the office of guide, had become a character of some importance in the band, was reclining luxuriantly upon a carpet, and puffing grateful odors from the amber-tipped pipe of his neighbor, a rich merchant of Aleppo —

"It appears, Hakim," observed the latter, "that thou hast crossed the desert, by this route, before to-day; the objects seem to be familiar to thee."

"Thou has spoken truly, most noble Mizraim," replied the Fakir; "twice, before now, have I reposed beneath these palms; and once have I passed sufficiently near to behold yon pillar rising like a faint cloud on the horizon" —

"Thanks to the man who reared that column," interposed another merchant, who was reclining near; "doubtless it was erected by some good Mussulman, as a beacon to the doubting traveller?"

"By no means," rejoined the Fakir, "it was erected for a far different purpose; and if you would like to listen to the legend connected with it, I shall have great pleasure in gratifying your curiosity."

The proposal was joyfully acceded to. It was immediately noised around that the Fakir was about to gratify his fellow-travellers with a tale ; and the scattered groups lost no time in betaking themselves to Hakim's neighborhood, and arranging themselves within good hearing distance. That worthy, meanwhile, under pretence of finishing his pipe, waited until a respectable audience had assembled around him, then mounting with his mat to a bale of merchandize, placed conveniently for him, he began as follows : —

“ Many years have now elapsed since Ali Beidwar lived in this neighborhood, chief of a powerful tribe of Arabs. His tent was rich with the spoils of the numerous caravans which had fallen into his power. He had married Alzeida, the daughter of a powerful chieftain of a distant tribe, and, ere the expiration of a year, their happiness had been increased by the birth of a son ; and when, about three years afterwards, his Alzeida bore him a daughter, there seemed to be nothing more required to complete their joy. The boy, who was named Mizron, grew up full of promise — active, handsome, and brave. When about ten years of age, his father, at the youth's earnest entreaties, had allowed him to accompany a small band of his followers, led by a faithful servant, to intercept a rich, but weakly guarded caravan, of whose approach he had received intimation. It fell into their hands ; but as they were returning, laden with spoil, they were unexpectedly set upon by a body of robbers — their leader killed — and Mizron, deserted by his followers, fell into the hands of Kurjislán, the robber chief ; but, whether he had died in the conflict, or was living in captivity, his heart-broken parents, notwithstanding the most earnest and persevering inquiries, had never been able to ascertain. They had, therefore, at length given him up as lost to them for ever, and centered the full tide of their love upon their remaining child, their daughter Ayeza, whose surpassing beauty and many virtues, added to the report of her father's wealth, failed not to attract a large band of suitors.

“ Upon none, however, did she smile but Haslan, in her parents' eyes the one who possessed the fewest attractions ; for, although of noble form and prepossessing manners, his father was chief of a small and despised tribe, between which and that of Ali Beidwar a deadly feud had formerly existed. Haslan, moreover, was young and inexperienced in war ; and the father of Ayeza, proud of his own military prowess, scorned to entrust his daughter to the arms of one, who, for aught he knew, might, by some future act of cowardice, tarnish the family honor. It was true, indeed, that the youth had shown no symptoms of fear in the few expeditions in which he had as yet been engaged ; but it was equally true that no opportunity had hitherto presented itself of putting his courage to any severe test. The maiden,

however, had no fears for him on that head ; and as to the misunderstanding between the families, what better way could be devised of arranging it amicably, than an union of two of the opposite members ? It was in vain that her father pointed out to her the well-proved prowess of one, the wealth of another, and the pure and noble blood of a third. In vain did her mother endeavor to excite her vanity and her ambition, by promising that a hundred camels, laden with the richest silks, and guarded by five hundred of the noblest horsemen of the desert, should accompany her as a bride to the tent of Nourhaddan or to that of Al-debir. Promises, entreaties, and threats were alike unavailing ; and she at length declared that unless her parents would consent to her union with Haslan, she would remain for ever single.

Dreadful as was the idea of allowing their name to perish, and the line, which had been transmitted unbroken through a thousand generations, to become extinct, yet so great was the dislike of her parents to an union with the tribe of Ali Hassan, that days and even weeks elapsed, and still they remained uncertain whether to accept one of the two alternatives, or to compel their daughter to form some more desirable alliance.

“Haslan, forbidden to approach the tent of Ali Beidwar, had for several weeks enjoyed stolen interviews with his beloved in the soft hour of twilight beneath these very palms. It was one of those delightful evenings of an oriental summer, when the cloudless moon bends, like an angel of beauty and benevolence, over the earth, and seems to diffuse a refreshing coolness even through the thirsty desert. Ayeza had contrived to escape unobserved from her father's tent, to meet Haslan beneath the well-known tree. Surprised at not finding him, she advanced a few paces along the outskirts of the grove which commanded a view of the path which he was accustomed to take. She had not proceeded many steps, however, when a horseman dashed from an adjoining shade.

“‘Haslan!’ she exclaimed.

“The horseman replied not, but in a moment was at her side. Bending from his saddle, he seized her as she was turning to fly, raised her from the ground and placed her before him ; then, pressing his steed with the sharp stirrup, he sped like an arrow across the desert. Perceiving that she was betrayed, she uttered a piercing shriek, and endeavored, in the first impulse of terror, to throw herself from the horse ; but finding all her efforts ineffectual, she called aloud on the name of Haslan, till, exhausted by her emotions, she fainted in the arms of her betrayer. Giving a shrill whistle, he was soon joined by three other horsemen, who had waited, in concealment, within call, lest any opposition should be offered to the maiden's capture ; and deeming

themselves safe, for some hours at least, from pursuit, they slackened their speed to breathe their panting horses, and to endeavor to revive their apparently lifeless captive.

"Whilst thus engaged, and while one had dismounted to assist his leader in placing Ayeza more comfortably on the saddle, the trampling of a steed was suddenly heard, and a bright lance was seen flashing in the moonlight in the rider's hand. The horseman who bore the maiden immediately urged his charger to its utmost speed, at the same time desiring his three companions to oppose the progress of the pursuer. Haslan, for it was indeed he, perceiving that every thing depended on his speed, attempted to follow, but was intercepted by the nearest horseman. The next moment the intruder's saddle was empty — his courser galloping wildly over the desert, and Haslan's spear no longer glimmered in the moonlight, for there was blood upon its point. Urging his favorite mare, he now gained on the flying captor of his betrothed, himself pursued by the two surviving companions of the fallen; but ere long he had far distanced his pursuers, and had reached the object of his search.

" 'Restore your ill-gotten prize,' he exclaimed, 'or, by Allah! this moment is your last!'

" 'Strike!' replied his adversary, turning his horse's head towards Haslan, and shielding his own body by the form of Ayeza.

"Haslan paused for a moment; he knew that his two pursuers must soon be upon him, and with the rapidity of lightning buried his lance in the breast of his opponent's steed. The noble animal reared and sank upon the sand. The rider, extricating himself and his charge from the dying horse, placed Ayeza on the sand, and drawing his scimitar, rushed furiously on Haslan. The latter, with admirable dexterity, parried with his lance — his only weapon — the attacks of his adversary; at length, however, receiving a furious blow upon the handle of his spear, his weapon was cleft in twain: but before his opponent could recover himself, the headless lance of Haslan had penetrated his bosom.

"Ere the combat had well commenced, Ayeza, revived partly by the voice of Haslan, and partly by the shock occasioned by the fall of the horse on which she was borne, was kneeling on the sand, watching, with intense anxiety, the momentary conflict: unable to assist her lover, and too prudent to utter a sound which might attract his attention. On the fall of his opponent, Haslan had time merely to leap from his horse — press her hand fervently to his lips — seize the scimitar of his expiring foe — and regain his seat, ere his pursuers had come up. Astounded at beholding their leader's lifeless body, the foremost of the two horsemen checked his steed, whilst that of the other, terrified by the ghastly spectacle, swerved wildly aside, and was

for a while unmanageable. Haslan seized the favorable moment. At a single leap of his noble mare he was beside the horseman, whose astonished gaze was still fixed on the inanimate body of his chief; but, aroused by the sudden approach of Haslan, he instantly prepared for the encounter. A few desperate blows were given and parried, but the contest was brief; and the same moment which beheld Haslan's robe crimsoned with his blood, witnessed his adversary's skull cloven through the turban's ample fold by a powerful and well-directed blow.

"During this brief struggle, Ayeza had approached the lifeless form of her captor, and had snatched a dagger from his girdle in the visionary hope of yielding aid to her lover. Scarcely had she secured it, when the other antagonist, who had by this time regained the mastery of his steed, urged his course towards her, and stooped from his saddle with the intention of bearing her off, whilst Haslan's hand and eye were engaged by the conflict with his comrade.

" 'Who dare insult the daughter of Ali Beidwar,' exclaimed the intrepid girl, 'whilst she bears a weapon for her defence?' and at the word buried her poignard in the bosom of the Arab, whose warm blood, as he rolled from his horse lifeless at her feet, sprinkled her white vesture. But she saw it not. Her whole attention was absorbed by the crimsoned robe of her lover, as he approached her, victorious, though wounded, from his last encounter.

"Whilst she was busying herself in binding up the deep gash upon the arm of her lover, and he, at one moment eloquent with gratitude, was pouring forth thanks to Allah for Ayeza's safety and rescue; and at the next, as if scarcely able to realize the idea that she was again unharmed at his side, was covering her blushing brow with kisses, and endeavoring to shake off or conceal the faintness which began to seize his limbs; we will return to the tent of Ali Beidwar, where all was confusion and alarm. Ayeza had often before been absent at the same hour, but for so brief a period that her departure had scarcely been noticed. A considerable time, however, had now elapsed, and still she returned not. At first surprise was awakened — then, alarm. One domestic was despatched to seek for, and recall her — then another and another; but moments flew by, and anxiety was every instant becoming more and more intense, and still no tidings came. Ali Beidwar at length sprang impatiently from his seat, —

" 'My heart misgives me,' he exclaimed; 'I fear me that she has fled with Haslan: — if so, by Allah, the father shall pay dearly for the treachery of his son!'

"He then summoned his retainers — ordered them to arm and mount, and to lead his favorite horse Nisradj to the tent door. Before many moments had passed, he was bounding across the sands at the head of twenty followers; and directing his course towards the dwellings

of Ali Hassan. Ere his own tent was a league behind him, a riderless steed was observed in the moonlight galloping wildly across their path.

“‘Seize that barb, Arwad!’ exclaimed the chief.

“His follower dashed from the band, and after a brief chase succeeded in capturing the frightened steed.

“‘Give thine own beast to thy brother to lead,’ resumed Ali Beidwar; ‘mount that which thou hast caught, and leave him to his own guidance. Perchance, — for I see blood upon his saddle, — thou mayest thereby learn somewhat, if not of my daughter — yet of something which it may concern us to know. Durhaddan, go thou with him, and bring back word if ought befall. Thou canst overtake us, for we shall advance at diminished speed.’

“His two followers departed. The animal which bore Arwad, feeling itself unrestrained, started rapidly across the sands, and ere long the two companions found themselves beside a dead or dying man, whose pale features wore a ghastly hue in the trembling and uncertain moonlight. They leaped from their horses and approached him. The sufferer, as soon as he became conscious of their vicinity, in a faint voice begged them, for the love of Allah, for a mouthful of water. Durhaddan sprang upon his steed, galloped to this grove, and filling the flask at his girdle, hastened back to the wounded man. Arwad, perceiving that he was much revived by the draught, but that any attempt to move him would be attended with danger, by opening the wound which had now ceased to bleed, inquired of the stranger if he knew aught of the daughter of Ali Beidwar.

“‘She is beyond your reach ere this,’ replied the Arab, faintly, ‘unless yonder wild youth, who pursued us, has slain our whole company.’

“Arwad made a sign to Durhaddan, who again mounted his steed, and sought Ali Beidwar and his companions. He soon overtook them, and related what had passed. Ere the last sentence of his narrative was half finished, the sharp stirrups of the old chief were deep in his courser’s sides, and the whole band in rapid advance to the spot where the wounded man lay, and where Arwad was still busily engaged in endeavoring to alleviate his pain. The instant they arrived, the chief, throwing himself from his horse, inquired in a voice of thunder for his daughter; but perceiving the perilous condition of Benzillar — for so was he called — he paused, and then in a milder tone asked if he were a follower of Ali Hassan.

“‘I know him not,’ replied Benzillar.

“‘Whose follower art thou, then?’ resumed the chief, somewhat relieved at finding his first suspicions groundless, yet in still deeper anxiety than before for his daughter’s fate.

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“‘I know him not,’ replied Benzillar.

“‘Whose follower art thou, then?’ resumed the chief, somewhat relieved at finding his first suspicions groundless, yet in still deeper anxiety than before for his daughter’s fate.

“ ‘ My leader’s name is Kurjislán,’ returned the Arab.

“ ‘ Kurjislán, the robber ?’

“ ‘ The same.’

“ ‘ The old chief stamped, and tore his beard in agony and rage.

“ ‘ By Allah !’ he at length ejaculated, ‘ he shall pay dearly for his rashness. I will beard the lion in his den but I will recover my child ! He has already robbed me of one — he shall not long boast of possessing the survivor. But by whom wast thou wounded ?’ he continued, remembering that Durhaddan had mentioned something of pursuit.

“ ‘ I know not,’ replied Benzillar ; ‘ a youth pursued us whom I attempted to keep employed till my master should escape with his prize. I was borne from my saddle by a thrust of his spear, and left wounded as you see ; for my two companions deserted me to pursue him, and cut him off, if possible, ere he should overtake our leader. I can give you no further information — leave me to die — or, if you choose to show hospitality, bear me to your tent and let my wound be attended to.’

“ ‘ He speaks well,’ said the chief hastily — ‘ bear him, some of you, to the tent. The rest follow me. We may yet overtake the villain who has dared to rob me of my child.’

“ ‘ So saying, he mounted, and spurred madly across the desert in the direction of Kurjislán’s fortress ; leaving six of his followers to bear the wounded man to the tent. Their furious speed soon brought them to the scene of Haslan’s last encounter ; and my hearers may judge of the surprise of Ali Beidwar when he beheld his daughter sitting on the sand, dissolved in tears, surrounded by four bodies to all appearance dead ; — the head of one resting on her knees.

“ ‘ Praise be to Allah !’ he exclaimed, ‘ I have found thee, — I have found thee ! But tell me, my child, who slew all these ? — and whither has thy protector flown ? Had human hands defended thee, they would not have left thee here with the dead for thy companions. — It is Azrael, the angel of death, and none other, who has fought for thee this night, and delivered thine innocence from the hand of the betrayer !’

“ ‘ My deliverer lies here,’ replied the maiden mournfully, laying her hand on the damp brow of Haslan.

“ ‘ The chief alighted and approached, and in the bright moonlight recognized the features of the youth he had so harshly forbidden his door.

“ ‘ He deserved thee, then,’ he said thoughtfully ; ‘ if he were living now, I would, for this night’s noble action, embrace him as my son.’

“ ‘ Speakest thou in sincerity, my father ?’ hurriedly asked Ayeza.

“ ‘ I do, my child,’ he replied ; ‘ Haslan had nobly won thee, could he claim the prize.’

“‘Allah be praised then!’ wildly exclaimed the maiden, whose hand had sunk upon the breast of her lover; ‘for, unless delirium hath filled my senses with false hope, I feel his heart fluttering beneath my hand!’

“The chief’s followers now crowded round, and by rubbing his hands, chafing his temples, and applying such other remedies as occurred to them at the moment, they succeeded in recalling animation to the fainting youth. The first object which met his opening eyes was Ayeza bending over him with the most intense delight painted upon her lovely features. He smiled a grateful reply, then looking round and perceiving Ali Beidwar and his retainers, he asked hurriedly,

“‘Where am I?—Who are all these?—Give me my sword, Ayeza, and I will defend thee.’

“‘They are friends,’ she replied, ‘compose yourself—your Ayeza is in no danger.’

“The chief gave his hand to Haslan, who had now recovered sufficient strength to sit, supported by the maiden’s arm.

“‘My word is passed,’ he said, ‘and though I thought thee unable to claim the promise when I made it, Ali Beidwar never retracted what was once spoken. Thou hast won my child, and she is thine.’

“Haslan had no words to reply. He grasped the hand of the chief—pressed it to his bosom—and overcome by the sudden rush of joy which filled his heart, again sank fainting upon the shoulder of his promised bride.

“Ere the morning which followed this eventful night had dawned, Haslan and Benzillar had been both safely conducted to the chieftain’s tent; and the care and attention bestowed upon their wounds by Alzeida and her daughter, and her handmaidens, soon placed them both beyond the reach of danger.

“From that day, even to the end of their long lives, Ali Beidwar and Ali Hassan lived on terms of the closest amity. A few weeks after these events had transpired, the nuptials of Haslan and Ayeza were celebrated, with all the splendor which the desert could furnish; and many a rich caravan contributed its portion to increase the sumptuousness of the dresses, and the luxury of the banquets, which for a whole week were spread for all who chose to partake. Haslan and Ayeza, their hearts filled with gratitude to heaven for their preservation and happiness, caused yonder pillar to be erected as a memorial of their deep sense of the blessings they had received; and lived in the full enjoyment of those blessings and of each other’s love, till they saw their children’s grandsons playing around their knees, and at length sank to their graves, followed by the tears and regrets of their own and many neighboring tribes.

"And now," said the Fakir, placing his turban before him in a convenient position for receiving the contributions of his auditors, "ye have heard, my friends, the motive which led to the erection of the Column in the Desert. I have only to add my hopes, that you will not forget the narrator of the legend, nor the guide who so happily led you to this pleasant resting-place."

Whether Hakim was or was not satisfied, I take not upon me to say; but certain it is that it required some care on his part to prevent the weight of the sequins, thrown in by his brother travellers, from bursting his somewhat old, though still respectable looking, turban.

THE LAST READER.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree
 And read my own sweet songs;
 Though nought they may to others be,
 Each humble line prolongs
 A tone that might have passed away,
 But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them, like a lock or leaf
 That some dear girl has given,
 The record of an hour as brief
 As sun-set clouds in heaven:
 But spreading purple twilight still
 High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak —
 Those flowers that once ran wild,
 As on a father's care-worn cheek
 The ringlets of his child —
 The golden mingling with the gray,
 And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread
 Around these yellow leaves,
 Or o'er them his corroding thread
 Oblivion's insect weaves?
 Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
 It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile
 On those neglected songs,
 Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
 My opening bosom wrongs:
 For who would trample at my side
 A few pale buds — my garden's pride?

It may be that my scanty ore
 Long years have washed away,
 And where were golden sands before
 Is nought but common clay :
 Still something sparkles in the sun
 For memory to look back upon.

And when my voice no more is heard,
 My lyre no longer known,
 Still let me, like a sullen bird
 That tears his prey alone,
 Spread over them the weary wing
 Once flashing through the dews of Spring.

Yes — let my fancy fondly wrap
 My youth in its decline,
 And riot in the rosy lap
 Of thoughts that once were mine,
 And give the worm my worthless store —
 Till the last reader reads no more !

THE PROSE OF THOMAS FULLER.

DEEPLY imbedded in the rust of an antique phraseology, there are in our own language treasures of unappreciated value, which will amply reward any labor that may be bestowed upon them. The adventurous student, who, leaving the attractive and polished productions of his own times, will resort to the more remote but not less generous fountains of excellence in our elder literature, need not fear that he will be trespassing upon the bounds of another's property. Undisturbed he may quaff long and deep, and still find his thirst unsatisfied. The literary world only requires that a proper direction should be given to its taste to induce an eager return, if not to the simplicity, to the strength and power which characterised the literature of the seventeenth century ; for, cloyed as we believe it is with dainties, it would enjoy with tenfold zest the plain substantial fare that sufficed for our ancestors.

The neglect which has too much followed our old writers, strangely contrasts with our idolatrous reverence for the heroes of the Augustan age that succeeded.

Polished elegance may win our love — greatness alone should command our admiration. True — some giant minds towered so far above the ordinary mortality of their day, that their reputation could not

be confined within the limits of a single century ; but the number of those who have overcome the prejudices against a sometimes quaint phraseology, is but small — far smaller than any votary of literature who has felt the magnitude of those merits lying thus unknown and unregarded — could desire. What shall we say of the fastidious effeminacy that cannot so far penetrate the roughness of the external garb as to discover the manifold beauties it envelopes ? Let us not forget that even the faults of our old writers spring from the same source with their excellencies ; that their involved periods originate from minds *too* pregnant with thought ; that their occasional coarseness is the result of their stern manliness of mind, and their quaintness, the excess of high-wrought, vivid, fearless fancy.

However limited our acquaintance with the works of that period, there are names that convey to our minds an idea of lofty, but indistinct and misty greatness, gigantic it may be, in that its proportions are but dimly visible ; a greatness we respect we know not why, or worship because we remember it was once admired. But some have not received even this limited justice from posterity ; the very memory of their existence has been almost swept away. Such had well-nigh been the fate of Thomas Fuller, known chiefly as author of the “*Holy and Profane States* ;” a writer who, though quaintest among the quaint, has excellencies sufficient to redeem him from the ban of literary proscription. He does not, it is true, like some of his illustrious contemporaries, dazzle by continuous passages of eloquence. His power is exhibited rather in epigrammatic flashes ; quick, forcible, and pointed — succeeding as rapidly as rain-drops chasing each other through the air. He has no paragraphs that strike the reader with astonishment when detached from the body of the work ; but in every page there is something to arrest and fix the attention. It is indeed a perfect mine of similes, which, however eccentric we may at times regard them, betray a fancy that is never tired of discovering resemblances between objects which to a superficial observer are any thing but analogous. By this richness of illustration many a familiar maxim is brought home to our hearts with additional power. Witness the following proverbial saying, thus stripped of its ordinary dress,

“For though the words of the wise be as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take the deeper hold.”

And again —

“A good parent observeth gavel kind in dividing his affection, though not his estate.”

Thus does he, more than once, by an unpretending metaphor, more vividly picture the truth he would inculcate, than if he had been initiated

into the secrets of the artificially antithetical sentences of our modern school.

There is such an air of innocent simplicity about him, that even when his coarseness is most likely to offend, we cannot find it in us to be displeased. His vulgarity is never either obscene or immoral; it is the consequence of a child-like ignorance of evil. His honest manliness disdains to cloak its meaning in useless verbiage; for he was too straight-forward in his intentions ever to suspect that truth, though never so plainly told, could give offence.

He is therefore no dictionary hunter for delicate phrases, nor does he shun, as the highest crime, the repetition of the same terms. Familiar with many languages, his own is the noblest idiom of his mother tongue. He scorned to depend upon an engrafted dialect for the expression of thoughts to which unadulterated English was fully equal.

It was, indeed, characteristic of the writers of that period, that, however Latinized might be their general style, when excited to extraordinary enthusiasm their eloquence clothes itself as it were instinctively in the Saxon garb. We believe that this will hold true even of those who, like Milton and Hooker, preferred the Latin branch of our language. Shakspeare and the translators of the Bible were not the only ones who delighted to draw from the well of English pure and undefiled.

Fuller's learning was evidently great—sufficient to have overwhelmed a common mind; but comprehending its true value, it was not with him a mass of unwieldy lumber accumulated for mere ostentation; it is the panoply that protects, while it does not encumber: impedes not the freedom of his motions, while it enables him more efficiently to contend. Multifarious as were his acquirements, each one was forged into some potent weapon either for defence or attack. None felt more the force of that great truth which he has beautifully enunciated in the following terms:

"I know the cavil against general learning is, that—he that sips of many arts drinks of none. However, we must know that all learning, which is but one grand science, hath so homogeneal a body that the parts thereof do, with a mutual service, relate to and communicate strength and lustre to each other."

We cannot refrain from offering to the reader another choice specimen, on the relation which the various branches of knowledge should bear to the profession in which an individual may be engaged:

"Thus taking the sciences in their general latitude, he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts—only he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in, I mean for that predominant profession of law, physick, divinity or state policy, which he intends for his calling hereafter."

In this neglected work we occasionally recognise an old acquaintance, usually attributed to some writer more universally known, and it is sometimes difficult to decide between the original and the plagia-

rist. Thus the famous saying ascribed to Bacon: "Grant the moderns but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders and may see the farther:" is to be found in our author's chapter on a True Church Antiquary, with this addition: "Sure as stout champions of truth follow in the rear as ever marched in the front."

It would seem to have been Fuller's amusement to image to himself what course of conduct, in the various circumstances of life, his beloved religion would dictate to a soul like his, pure, holy and uncontaminated; and that when this labor of love was accomplished, unwilling that the record should perish, he bequeathed it as his noblest gift to posterity. Mark the pious horror which sacrilegious interference with holy things inspired:

"Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the Font? or to drink health in, but the Church chalice?"

A soul so pure must have been the seat of the kindest feelings of our nature.

The age of Fuller (that immediately preceding the great rebellion) was unpropitious to the advent of any literary production, whatever might be its merits. The struggles between constitutional liberty and the divine right of kings, left no leisure for the quiet pursuit of literature. The only eloquence which such an age admitted was that of the patriot orator. An excess of religious zeal would blind his countrymen to the merit of any who, like Fuller, was the stanch advocate of the detested "Church and State." He thus pathetically alludes to these troubles:

"Who is not sensible with sorrow of the distractions of the age? To write books, therefore, may seem unseasonable; especially in a time wherein the press, like an unruly horse, hath cast off its bridle of being licensed, and some serious books which dare fly abroad are hooted at by a flock of pamphlets. Meantime I will stop the leakage of my soul, and what heretofore hath run out in writing, shall hereafter (God willing), be improved in constant preaching in what place soever God's providence and friends' good will shall appoint."

We would conclude by again urging those who wish for strength and massiveness rather than for mere prettiness of thought, to read, study, and become imbued with our elder writers — not forgetting that there are among them excellencies which time may partially obscure, but can never totally efface; that while a Milton, a Taylor, and a Shakespeare are known and honored wherever *their* language is understood, there are, of the same age and country, others whose merits can be dimmed by comparison with none but theirs; that there is a fountain from which we can draw with the assurance that its water will be doubly sweet because stolen from a source unfrequented, nay, unknown.

R. T.

LA GRISETTE.

Ah! Clemence, when I saw thee last
 Trip down the rue de Seine,
 And turning, when thy form had passed,
 I said "We meet again;"
 I dreamed not in that idle glance
 Thy latest image came,
 And only left to Memory's trance
 A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
 Thy timid voice to speak;
 Their gentler signs, which often brought
 Fresh roses to thy cheek;
 The trailing of thy long loose hair,
 Bent o'er my couch of pain;
 All, all returned, more sweet, more fair—
 O, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
 The vigil lights of Heaven,
 I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
 And sins to be forgiven;
 I watched where Genevieve is laid,
 I knelt by Mary's shrine;
 Beside me low, soft voices prayed,
 Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
 When wind and wave were calm,
 And flamed in thousand tinted light,
 The rose of Nôtre Dame;
 I wandered through the haunts of men,
 From Boulevard to Quai,
 Till, frowning over Saint Etienne,
 The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain. We meet no more,
 Nor dream what fates befall,
 And long upon the stranger's shore
 My voice on thee may call;
 When years have clothed the line with moss
 That tells thy name and days,
 And withered on thy simple cross
 The wreaths of Père la Chaise.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PERSIAN JEW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the city of Tabreez dwelt the Jew Iouad, active in his habits and prosperous in trade, like others of his tribe and nation ; but withal despised by the Mussulmen, and exposed, according to the custom of the country, to their exactions and extortions. By means of a secret traffic in choice wines and spirits, while ostensibly pursuing the vocation of a truckster, he had amassed considerable wealth, which, under the veil of apparent poverty, he contrived to conceal from the eyes and knowledge of his envious neighbors and rapacious rulers.

One morning, just as the hour of prayer was proclaimed from the tops of the minarets, and while the faithful were asserting their belief in "one God, and Mohammed his prophet," and muttering sundry maledictions on misbelieving dogs, Iouad's wife came running in alarm and roused him from his slumber, announcing the approach of the Ferash Pasha, whose province it was to search the houses of Jews and Christians for concealed wine. Iouad instantly bore his vessels and other articles of value to a secret vault ; and when the inquisitor entered, the apparent abject poverty and squalid destitution of the cunning Jew lulled suspicion and prompted a speedy departure, after a promise had been exacted that the wretched trader would vend no wines to the faithful.

Having thus rid himself of his unbidden and unwelcome guest, Iouad shouldered his budget of small wares and left his dwelling, to repair to the little stall which he usually occupied in the great bazaar. There, having arranged his merchandize with suitable regard for display, and taken a seat to await the coming of customers, he busied himself with the preparation of a liniment for wounds and bruises — for Iouad was celebrated in the city as a skilful physician and surgeon ; and the Mohammedan populace firmly believed that he could cure all manner of diseases. But his peaceful employment did not continue long undisturbed. An uproar arose in the neighborhood, and ere Iouad was aware, he was surrounded by a band of Janizaries, who had just extorted tribute from a Greek merchant for granting him permission to walk the streets unmolested. The captain addressed Iouad in a harsh and peremptory tone :—

"Where is thy shovel?" cried he ; "and why sittest thou here idle

while the new-fallen snow lies on the palace of the Kaimakaum,* and thou mightest be serviceable to thy master?"

The Janizaries swung their scourges threateningly over the head of the poor Jew; yet intimated that by the timely bestowal of a proper *douceur*, he might procure exemption from the infliction of stripes. But Iouad, resolved not to purchase immunity or freedom, plead poverty; and was thereupon condemned, in company with others of his Hebrew brethren — suffering was "the badge of all his tribe" — to assist in removing the snow that had fallen on the palace of the Kaimakaum.

When he had performed the arbitrary "soccage" service thus imposed, he returned to his stall and resumed the preparation of his liniment. He found his wares precisely as he had left them, for he had taken care to leave nothing exposed that was worth stealing.

While sitting there and refreshing himself with a cup of *janautt* — *anglicè*, buttermilk — and a slice of bread, he perceived a cavalcade of females passing the entrance of the bazaar, marshalled by an aged servant on foot. Their number, as well as their white veils, apprized him that they were ladies belonging to the harem of some great man in the city; and the sight aroused at once his cherished detestation of Moslem dominion and customs.

"Accursed race!" murmured forth he, drawing forth covertly a brandy flask from its concealment in the padding of an old cart saddle — "accursed race! if Heaven did ye justice, ye would be swept from the face of the earth!"

Having enunciated this charitable toast, he stooped down as though he were seeking something in a corner, and covering over his brandy flask, finished his frugal repast with an inspiriting draught of its treasured contents. Then, looking about cautiously to ascertain whether or not his bibular stratagem had been observed, he adroitly repositied the flask in its hiding-place, and commenced striking fire to light his pipe. While thus occupied, he was disturbed by loud cries and lamentations in the street, and soon beheld a crowd running in the direction which the cavalcade had taken.

"Were I certain," muttered Iouad to himself, "that they had broken their limbs or their necks, I also would repair to the scene and rejoice at the sight; but now I need repose."

So saying, the considerate and benevolent retailer of varieties pocketed his flint, steel, and tinder, and began to whiff his pipe with much demureness and infinite unconcern. But soon his name was called in the streets, and echoed from all quarters.

"Hasten, Iouad! good Iouad!" cried the agitated and weeping old servant; "dear Iouad, prince of learned doctors! hasten to the assist-

* The Kaimakaum is an officer who, in the absence of the Grand Vizier or Sultan, acts as Deputy or Lieutenant.

ance of Nabottie, the beloved wife of Asker Khan. She has fallen from her horse upon the hard pavement, and I fear me she is dead!"

"Then needs she no physician," replied Iouad, continuing the process of puffing with a look of perfect indifference.

"Oh, Iouad! my good friend Iouad!" cried the almost distracted servant, "come to her aid; I will reward thee richly! My spotted terrier shall be thy fee."

Still Iouad, whiffing away, answered not and moved not.

"My horse's silver curb-chain, which thou so admirest, shall be thine," cried the old man in agony; "for, holy Allah, my head depends on her safety!"

"Then wilt thou lose it, if she be dead!" said the unfeeling Iouad; "and the loss will not be great, for thou art old and useless now."

A sudden and vigorous box on the left ear, from the ponderous hand of Sali Bey, silenced the Jew, and sent him precipitately to the house of Asker Khan, whither the unfortunate lady had already been carried.

She had in her fall dislocated the left femoral bone, and Iouad was preparing to reduce the luxation, when Asker Khan, filled with apprehension and convulsed with rage, arrested his hands.

"Wretch! slave! dog!" cried Asker, "forbear! Presume not to profane the hem of her garment with thy unhallowed touch, or I will split thy head!"

"How, my lord," said the abject and terrified Jew, "how can I effect a cure unless I have permission to touch the patient?"

"I know not, and I care not," replied the furious Khan; "but cure her thou must, or thou diest! Were she one of thy accursed race I doubt not she were healed already."

"I humbly hope," said Iouad, "to succeed in restoring to the daughter of Jaffir Khan the use of her limbs; but I must be permitted to touch the lady."

"If thou dost, dog! thy head shall roll upon the carpet before thee!" answered the Khan. "Begin thy work; within two hours must she be well, or thou shalt not live to mock her misery."

"Father Abraham!" groaned the Jew, "how long will thy children be persecuted! My minutes are numbered—my life is near its close!—Yet, hold! by the graves of my fathers, I will make the attempt! for I can but die at last! Bring instantly to the window one of those cows that are greedily eating clover in yonder pasture-field!"

Singular as the order seemed, it was promptly obeyed. Iouad then directed the attendants to place the suffering lady, attired as she was in her Persian garb, astride of the patient and sluggish ruminating animal, and bind her feet tightly together below, with a silken sash.

When all this was done to his satisfaction, he desired that the cow should be supplied with as much water as she chose to drink. His request was complied with. The cow drank plentifully, and in a short time the green clover and the water produced their usual effects. The gases generated in the poor animal's stomachs swelled her, and distended her sides enormously. The fair, disabled Nabottie rent the air with her cries and shrieks; her attendants joined in sympathetic chorus; the Khan swore, raged, prayed, and threatened by turns; and the suffering hoven animal moaned piteously while the cure was progressing. When Iouad supposed that the dislocated limb had been sufficiently extended, he suddenly cut asunder the silken bands that confined the lady's feet. A loud report proclaimed that the bone had again returned into its socket, and that of course the cure was effected.

An indescribable confusion followed. Consolations and congratulations were shouted forth from all sides. Iouad was alternately a dog or a demigod, as Nabottie complained of his cruel mode of cure, or applauded his ingenuity, skill, and success.

Having administered some precautionary medicines to his fair patient, and performed an operation for the relief of the poor cow, Iouad received permission to depart, and was rewarded with ten zechins for his services — a paltry recompense for all that he had done and endured.

The sun had already descended below the horizon when the Jew left the house of Asker Khan, and the twilight scarce sufficed to enable him to reach the bazaar and close his stall. Then hastening to his humble home, he related to his wife the strange adventures and occurrences of the day; and as he tasted the excellent pillau which Hannah had prepared for his evening regalement, the last faint flush of departing light vanished in the western sky.

SELF-DENIAL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROZETTI.

LEARN self-denial! 'Tis the stern command
Of prudence worldly wise. The fondest wish
Thy heart can cherish, learn to curb — subdue!
Much of thy purpose must the will austere
Reject with firmness, if o'er Passion's strife
Thou wouldst the mastery hold. But amid
The agonizing conflicts that await
The struggling, anguish'd mind, there's one supreme
That rarely yields a triumph to our strength —
To love, and yet renounce the heart's belov'd!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN ANCIENT SPINSTER.

AND she is gone — alas! the old,
 Forlorn, yet unrepining maid —
 Death keeps her in his arms so cold,
 Death has her trusting heart betrayed.
 She's married to how strange a groom!
 The wedding garment that she wears,
 How ill beseems! she sleeps in gloom,
 Where lovers sleep, butnot in pairs.

Is this the love she longed for — this
 The conquest of her virgin charms,
 The yielding of her heart to bliss,
 When circled by caressing arms?
 When listening to the oft-told vow
 By warmer lips again repeated; —
 And has she won a bridegroom now,
 To be with base unkindness treated?

Death is a gay deceiver. Trust,
 And faith and truth are lost on him;
 He turns the cheek of rose to dust,
 He makes the glance of starlight dim;
 From fingers white he steals the rings,
 Untwists the pearls from raven hair,
 Jewel and bracelet off he flings,
 And leaves the snow-drift bosom bare!

I've seen him in a gay saloon,
 Where orient plumes were tossing high,
 Dart, like a glimmer of the moon,
 Into some witching lady's eye;
 Behind a column's awful shade,
 I've seen the dark assassin glide,
 And, as there passed some village maid,
 Plunge his sharp dagger in her side.

In marble porch, in cottage door,
 His horrid shape alike appears:
 And where were Summer smiles before,
 His icy breath makes Winter tears.
 It matters not; — from all the throng
 Which through the maze of Fashion pass,
 The daintiest dame he drags along,
 Quick as the lowliest servant-lass.

But why his choice should light on thee,
 When such rare blossoms blushed around:
 Frail, withered leaf from Being's tree,
 Neglected, fallen to the ground,
 I cannot guess! yet, thou art dead,
 Thy boddice is at length undone:
 Well, rest thee! Death will hold thy head,
 As gently as a lovelier one!

HANS THE HORSE-BREAKER.

ON the good old island of Nassau, not many leagues distant from the ancient city of New-York, there lies a little isolated township, which is perhaps unchronicled on any map. Its houses are scattered sparingly upon the southern shore of the island, and are defended from the keen sea-breezes by the high bluffs that encircle the small bay. The land rises with a gradual swell from the sea-shore, until it attains a somewhat elevated height, and the hills which oppose their brown summits to the northern blast, are clothed with stunted forest-trees, apparently of great antiquity, which, being rather broad-bottomed and rusty, are not unlike the original Dutch settlers of this old-fashioned place. The present inhabitants partake of the amphibious character of their township, being alternately fishermen and farmers, and equally expert in bringing forth the treasures of the sea and land. They are an industrious and thriving race, cherishing immemorial customs, and full of old world virtue and morality. I must except, however, from this eulogy, a certain individual, whose history forms the subject of the present sketch.

Hans Hopper was the only son of one of the most industrious farmers of the village we have mentioned. The old gentleman was a little plodding agriculturalist, but one doomed to suffer a variety of ills. It seemed as if the same seasons which were favorable to his neighbors always brought ill luck to him. He was grievously afflicted with the murrain among his cattle and the blight among his corn, and if he ever had a crop that promised remarkably well, the neighbors' cows were sure to break into the field, or some prodigious hail-storm to arise, which made no havoc on adjacent farms. Then he was as unsuccessful in his fishing. Although his nets were formed with extraordinary care, the shad seemed to have a peculiar faculty of getting through them, or the horse-shoes were immeshed in amazing numbers, and broke their way out to the infinite discomfort of Old Hopper. Thus, although as hard-working a man as any in the village, he was doomed to suffer continual losses.

The villagers, who, like the people of most country towns, are never at a loss to account for similar events, declared that the old gentleman's ill luck was attributable to prodigality and want of thrift in his vixen of a wife and his incorrigible son. In truth, the youthful Hopper did not promise to retrieve the fortunes of his family. Being an only son he was the spoiled darling of father and mother, and inherit-

ed the faults of each. He was much too indolent to work, but when engaged in the perpetration of any mischief, there was no labor too severe for him. He grew up the terror of all the good housewives in the village, for not a hen could cackle in his hearing without his discovering her favorite retreat and securing the new-laid treasure in all its spotless beauty.

Unfortunately for the villagers, Hans contrived to be on good terms with all the mastiffs of the neighborhood; not a dog could come into the town without acknowledging the charm of his voice, and giving him a tacit passport to all the treasures that he guarded. Hans was a famous bird charmer, and many an escaped canary has he whistled back to perch, none of which ever returned to its original master. He could wile away squirrels from their autumnal granaries, and call in the screaming wild fowl from the ocean; in short, he seemed to be a universal favorite. But it is high time that I should attempt some description of the hero of my tale. He was short, but strongly-built, with square shoulders, and a person equally adapted for feats of activity and strength. His limbs were incessantly in motion, and it was even a penance for him to sit quietly at table. But this extreme mobility of body was not participated by the features of his countenance. These remained ever in repose. Sometimes, indeed, his dull blue eyes would light up with the smothered fire of merriment or anger, but in general it was a bootless task to search his countenance for a proof of what was passing in his mind. Let me add that his lips were thin, his nose sharp, his face covered with light freckles, and his head with wiry reddish hair; and you will have as complete an idea of his appearance as I can possibly convey.

Hans had no sooner attained his majority, than his father and mother died, leaving him their little property, which consisted of the paternal homestead and a few hundreds in cash at interest. He now began to think of living like a gentleman, and having laid down a few acres to oats, he purchased a fiery young colt, and witched the village with his noble horsemanship. I have mentioned that he possessed a wonderful power over animals, and horses were not exempted from his sway. The secret of his magic was unknown, but, like Cahir na Cappul, the Irish rapparee,

“He had but to whisper a word, and your horse would trot out of his stall.”

Every one has heard of Jerry Sullivan, well known at Newmarket and Epsom, and on the Curragh of Kildare, who was a famous whisperer, and had a magic word by which he could subdue the fiercest horse; but I take it on me to assert, that not Jerry Sullivan, in his high and palmy days of equestrian distinction, could exert so powerful an influence over his noble steeds as did the redoubtable Hans

Hopper. So remarkable, indeed, were the exploits of the latter, that he was called Dare-Devil Hans; and it was confidently whispered in the cosy coteries that assembled under the patriarchal roof of mine Host of the Green Flagon, that the youthful Hopper was more than a match for the Evil One himself. Hans was aware of the distinction he had gained, and to such a pitch was he inflated thereby, that I verily believe he would have faced a cannon's mouth to sustain his reputation — especially if the deadly engine were unloaded.

Hans had something of a travelled reputation too, for he had more than once passed the low barrier of hills that sheltered the village on one side, and brought news from the fair regions that spread in boundless luxuriance beyond them. Mounted on his fiery colt, he made semi-annual excursions to Oyster-Bay, and once crossed the perilous stream of the East River, and penetrated to Bloomingdale, an exploit which is yet talked of by the gossips of his township. In pleasant summer weather he would trot his horse upon the shining beach of Coney Island, and fairly win the money of the gentlemen jockeys who ran their steeds against him. A couple of months he devoted to the ungrateful task of tilling his paternal acres; but that once over, he idled away the remaining portion of the year. He was lazy enough to be a poet, but his exploits in literature were confined to the perusal of an odd volume of the Turf Register, and a well-thumbed copy of Degrafton's Farriery.

It was not long before the cash his father left him disappeared; and, forced to take up some employment, he became a jockey, and passed his time in breeding, training, swapping, and selling horses. He was a constant attendant at the Union Course, and sometimes came off a great winner. But the money thus acquired was always spent in vulgar dissipation — at the tavern or the cockpit; and Dare-Devil Hans, with all his magic power over horses, had much ado to support his own smart 'bit of blood.'

At length he became quite desperate; being deprived of the means of keeping up a figure, and revolved the expediency of parting with a favorite horse, which he still kept, notwithstanding the decline of his fortunes. One night, returning homeward rather late, he entered, in a gloomy mood, the piece of woodland which commences on the decline of Flatbush hill, between that and the pretty village of Flatbush. The axe has somewhat thinned this little forest, but at the time of which I write it was luxuriant and dense. Hans patted the neck of his favorite steed, and sighed at the thought of parting with him. No Arab of the desert was ever more affectionately attached to the animal that carried him. "My poor Selim," said he, "I'm sorry to part with thee, lad, for thou art, in truth, the horse of my heart. But poverty parts good company — They call me Dare-Devil Hans — 'Egad! I

wish I could only get the speech of the Old One, I fancy we could strike a bargain in the strapping of a saddle-girth."

The words had no sooner passed his lips than he "became aware" of a gentlemanly stranger, clad in black, and mounted on a powerful charger of the same sable hue. It did not strike Hans that he had called a spirit from the vasty deep, and he accordingly saluted his companion.

"A fine evening for riding — rather coolish though."

"Cool!" returned the stranger in surprise:—"I call it as hot as ——" 'twas a *lapsus linguæ*, and he checked himself.

"Hot!" cried Hans—"Egad, Sir, you must come from a cold climate."

"The contrary, I assure you," replied the other. They rode on awhile in silence.

"I say," said Hans, with another effort at conversation; "You've a nice horse under you. Suppose you try paces with me."

The stranger, nothing loth, consented. Each spoke cheerfully to his horse and touched him with the spur. The two horses, fired with emulation, launched at once into the rapid fury of the race. They warm apace, their joints become suppler, their action freer, they toss their manes upon the night-breeze, and snort with joyous enthusiasm. The riders are as men insane — the steeds are as mad as their masters. They stretch like greyhounds in their headlong progress; the night-breeze alone outstrips them. The flints of Flatbush sparkle for a moment under foot, and then the spire of its hoary church is left away behind. Victory hovered for a moment, and then the black steed shot ahead.

"Pull up! pull up!" cried Hans, reining in his reeking nag. "You've distanced the best horse on the island, and you must be the very d—l."

"At your service," replied the other, bowing very gracefully.

Hans was overjoyed — he shook hands with Eblis, and invited him to honor his humble dwelling with his presence. The invitation was accepted, and over a strong jug of Hollands a compact was agreed upon. The old gentleman promised Hans to be his banker for three years, during which he was to enjoy unlimited health and credit; but at the expiration of that term his Satanic Majesty was to call for the devoted Dutchman. The bargain once concluded, the two allies smoked pipes innumerable, and it was not until the shrill crowing of chanticleer proclaimed the near approach of morning that the gentleman in sables mounted his black horse and vanished in a very equivocal manner.

Hans went to bed, and awoke about ten o'clock in a very happy state of mind. He eat his breakfast, and then sauntered down to his usual haunt, the bar-room of the tavern, where he surprised some of

his phlegmatic townsmen into an ejaculation by displaying a handful of gold coins. It was soon rumored about that Hans had come into possession of a handsome legacy ; and all who had previously shunned him, crowded eagerly to make his acquaintance. Foremost among the herd of flatterers were those whose hen-roosts had been oftenest visited by the youthful Hopper — but they forgot all in the enthusiasm of the moment.

Hans was now able to hold up his head among the best, and kept company with celebrated training grooms and famous jockeys, the magnates of the land. He bought a full-blooded Virginia mare, and became a member of the Jockey Club. All his speculations on the turf were fortunate, and all his drafts upon his secret banker duly honored. In fact, his affairs were soon so prosperous that he refunded to his ally all the money he had loaned him with a handsome interest, and refused any longer to receive his aid. The Devil waxed exceedingly wroth at this, and became as impatient for the time when he might claim his due as Hans was reluctant to have that time approach.

Meantime our hero, feeling the growing responsibility of a monied man, determined to reform his evil habits, ceased to frequent the bar-room of the Green Flagon, and assumed a serious demeanor. He repaired the venerable mansion of his fathers, and having placed his household affairs in the strictest order, led to the hymeneal altar the daughter of a wealthy farmer of Jamaica, a young and blooming girl. In less than a year after he was assured that his possessions would not pass out of the family for want of an heir. But in the midst of all this happiness poor Hans often shuddered when he reflected how rapidly the time was passing, and how soon his infernal creditor would come to claim his dues.

As the fatal night drew near, his spirits seemed to forsake him. He was often absent and moody, and would sometimes sit by the hour together gazing on his wife and child with tearful eyes, and shaking his head mournfully if any question was asked him. The green hues of summer had brightened into the hectic tints of autumn ; the evenings were bleak and desolate ; and Hans, as if sympathizing with universal nature, shuddered as he drew his chair closer to the fire. He now seldom stirred abroad except to exercise his horses. He frequented no races, went to no merry makings, and seemed a sadly altered man. One night his wife had gone to bed betimes, and he was left sitting up alone. It was the fatal night, and the hour was approaching. Poor Hans sat gazing at the dial-plate of the old clock, and counting every tick with feverish solicitude. At length the clock struck twelve. Hans started up, and listened. Directly after there was a thundering knock at the back door, and he hastened to open it. Though the night was dark, he recognized his fiendish creditor by the fiery glare of his eye-

balls, and the ruddy glow that issued from his mouth ; while his barbed tail, that verified the portraits in the picture books, was whisking restlessly to and fro, and describing arcs of circles on the frozen ground.

"Come!" cried his Majesty, "you're wanted."

A thought, so vivid and instantaneous, that it seemed providential, flashed across the mind of Hans. He knocked the hat from the head of his fiendish visiter, and ere the latter could recover himself, he seized one of his horns with both hands and dragged him to a range of pegs on which he hung his harness. Before the astounded demon could recover himself, Hans snatched a formidable cowskin, and thrust a severe bit into the mouth of the arch enemy. He then began beating him with might and main. The tortured fiend fell upon his hands and knees. In an instant Dare-Devil Hans sprung upon his back and inflicted the severest discipline. The fiend bolted and leaped from the house, but Hans was as firmly seated as the old man of the mountain on the back of Sinbad. His degraded majesty roared beneath the lash, reared, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which his tremendous strength was capable, to unseat his rider, but in vain. At length, when he was totally obedient, Hans vaulted lightly to the ground and let him go. The liberated demon fled like a bolt from a bow, leaving behind a long trail of fiery light that shone like the track of a comet in the evening air. Hans breathed freely — he was free — but this was not all ; for on going into his front yard he discovered the Devil's horse tied firmly to the palings. He endeavored to lead the animal to his stable ; but the beast proving refractory, he vaulted lightly on his back, and applied to him the same discipline which had subdued his master with the same success. From that time horse and man were friends. The creature (named Beelzebub in commemoration of his former owner) was a valuable acquisition, for he won many a plate and sweepstakes for his master, and introduced a breed of colts into the island of extraordinary strength and fire. Hans is yet alive, and from his own lips I learned his story. He concluded his narration in the following words : "That black horse was a jewel — and there was but one bad thing about him — when he was taken sick, brimstone wouldn't physic him."

THE ABBEY OF ETHAL.

THE Benedictine Abbey of Ethal, in the bishopric of Freysingen in Bavaria, was founded by the emperor Ludovic IV. One of the principal stipulations of its charter was, that twelve impoverished Counts of the Empire, and their Countesses, (if so many applied for admission)

should there be maintained and provided for at the expense of the Abbey; and there are on record instances where this privilege of "free commons" was claimed and granted. In later times the Abbey was converted into a seminary of learning for the education of youth. Afterwards it was again organized as a monastery; but finally fell into ruins. On the wall of one of the yet remaining galleries the following inscription is written with charcoal:

"—I venerate these mouldering ruins!
 Here, at each step, the wanderer's foot treads on
 Memorials frail of ancient days and deeds!
 — In these deserted, solitary courts,
 That to the storms of heaven now lie expos'd,
 Full many a sainted worm was sepulchred,
 Who, with his lov'd, hard-earn'd, long-hoarded wealth,
 Chapel and cloister lavishly endow'd,
 And dying, deem'd his relics well assur'd
 Of care and reverence till the Judgment Day!
 Fallacious hope — nought earthly can endure!
 Chapels and cities waste away like man; —
 What marvel, if, like man, they also die!"

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF YOUSSEUF BEY.

THIS much talked of youth, now attached to the French army, is the hero of a very remarkable story. He is about twenty-five years of age; short, slight, but beautifully proportioned. His face is uncommonly handsome and expressive, denoting a great deal of energy and decision not unmixed with pride. He is a remarkably good horseman, even among that nation of equestrians, the Arabs. He is endowed with most prodigious strength; but his most predominant quality is his rare courage, to which fact the story we are about to translate from a French periodical will bear witness.

"Yousseuf Bey is of French origin, and was, in his childhood, carried off from the coast of Provence by pirates. He was at that time only five years of age, and therefore retains no recollection whatever of his native country, nor even of his family; but distinctly remembers his capture, and the kindness with which he was treated on board the Algerine vessel, for which kindness he was probably indebted to his own surpassing beauty, even at that early age. A few days brought them into the magnificent bay of Tunis, and the pirates pointed out the fine castle overlooking the bay to their youthful

captive, and told him that was to be his home ; but Yousseuf did not believe they were telling him the truth. True, however, it proved ; for the Bey, enraptured with the beauty of the boy, bought him, and sent him to his seraglio, where he was carefully brought up by his women. His childhood glided rapidly and happily away, and each year, as he grew handsomer and more captivating, the affection of the Bey for him seemed to increase. He had been uncommonly well educated, wrote extremely well, excelled in all athletic exercises, and in turning the heads of all the Tunisian belles. The Bey, in order to furnish him with occupation, made him at first secretary of his treasury, and finally gave him a commission in his body guard, the Mamelukes, composed of liberated slaves, orphans, children carried off from their homes, as was Yousseuf, and who, having nothing on earth to love, devoted themselves exclusively and unreservedly to their master.

"Now Yousseuf was very comfortable at Tunis, for, besides owning a beautiful horse and living in the palace, he had presumed to fall in love with the Bey's daughter, the lovely princess Caboura, who returned his affection with equal ardour and sincerity. They were both very young and very imprudent, and one unfortunate day, one of the Bey's most devoted servants, a renegado Greek, discovered Yousseuf in Caboura's anti-chamber, and at her feet discoursing of his passion with so much earnestness as never to have heard the approach of the treacherous spy, who overwhelmed the princess with reproaches, threatened Yousseuf with the consequences of the Bey's wrath, and prepared to leave the room in order to inform his master of all that he had seen. Yousseuf seized him by his robe, and offered him a considerable bribe to insure his silence. The Greek relented, but required so large a sum of money that the princess was obliged to pledge her diamonds to him.

"Some days after the Bey of Tunis took it into his venerable head to give a grand ball, at which Caboura could not of course appear without her diamonds, which ornaments she was not as yet ready to redeem. In this dilemma Yousseuf appointed a meeting with the Greek in his own apartment, and when the unsuspecting renegado made his appearance, he stabbed him to the heart. Then tearing up the floor of his room, he buried his victim immediately beneath his bed, and then again carefully nailed down the plank which covered his body ; with the restored diamonds, he sent a sealed package to the princess, containing a hand, an eye, and a tongue, with these words : 'I send you the hand that dared to touch you, the tongue which dared to revile you, and the eye which saw what no mortal should have seen.' Yousseuf was revenged, and Caboura went to the ball.

"Yousseuf's vengeance—his crime, we should have said, had we not been at Tunis — remained a profound secret. His greatest punish-

ment was the horrible effluvia which exhaled from the tomb of the Greek directly under his bed ; but no one thought of accusing him of the death of the slave.

“ Several months passed away, during which Yousseuf took part in several expeditions against the Bey of Constantine, from which he always returned covered with glory, and always dearer to the heart of the princess Caboura. He had even some hope of gaining the Bey's consent to their marriage, when suddenly his master's affection for him was converted into deadly hatred, by his receiving anonymously an account of the affection and engagement subsisting for so long a time between his only child and his Mameluke. He got into a great passion, as became the Bey of Tunis, at this information, and ordered Yousseuf to be immediately arrested. But fortunately, Yousseuf had some warm friends among his fellow Mamelukes, and they gave him timely warning of his danger, and with a few devoted followers he fled from the presence of his incensed master. A French brig, the *Adonis*, was lying at anchor in the bay, and happened just then to be sending a boat on shore. Yousseuf fled towards the water-side, but he was soon attacked by the Bey's soldiers. He jumped into the water, drew his sword, and endeavored to defend himself until the arrival of the boat, for he did not know how to swim. One by one his friends were killed by his side, and he himself nearly overwhelmed by numbers, when fortunately the boat neared the shore. He jumped into it, his liberators rowed back to the ship, and in a few moments the hunted slave of the Bey of Tunis trod the deck of the *Adonis* with the proud step of a freeman. When rescued he was up to his chin in water, his eyes flashing fire, and his sword dyed up to the very hilt in blood.

“ The *Adonis* was one of the vessels employed to transport the French army to Africa in 1830. Yousseuf told his story, and was heard with mixed emotions of pity and admiration. He joined the army as a volunteer, and those who remember the bulletins of that expedition, remarkable for their clear and simple style, will likewise remember how often and how gloriously Yousseuf's name was mentioned in them. He was distinguished for his bravery even among Frenchmen ; and if he had many equals for courage, yet his impetuous valor was peculiar to himself.

“ After several months' active service Yousseuf received a captain's commission in the French army. About this time the news of the destruction of the citadel of Bone, the massacre of its garrison, and the subsequent occupation of the fortress by Ibrahim Bey, reached Algiers. Ibrahim's troops amounted to about seven or eight hundred men, Arabs and Turks. The instant Yousseuf heard of the murder of the French garrison, he repaired to the Commander-in-Chief, and

received his permission to start immediately in a small schooner for Bone. He took with him only Mr. Darmandy and sixteen men to work his little vessel. On his arrival at Bone, he displayed a white flag and demanded a private interview with Ibrahim, and with his companion was admitted into the citadel. No one could more boldly beard the lion in his den. The conditions which he proposed were just as bold as his entrance into the city—the citadel was to be instantly evacuated with the honors of war. Ibrahim thought he was dreaming; but still, as his condition was rather a bad one, (for while Yousseuf was holding his parley the Bey of Constantine, Ahmed, was besieging the city,) Ibrahim asked for a few days to make up his mind. Yousseuf was too skilful a politician to waste the precious time he was condemned to pass in the citadel. He endeavored to work upon the fears of the Turks by representing to them the cruelty of the Arab troops of Ahmed, the terrible retaliation they might expect at the hands of the French, and promising them all sorts of advantages if they would abandon Ibrahim, and insist upon his evacuating the fortress. The delay required by Ibrahim having nearly expired, he assembled his whole garrison in the square of the Cabash. 'What should I do,' he inquired, 'to two traitors, who having been admitted into my citadel, under a flag of truce, have endeavored to corrupt some of my soldiers?' 'Put them to death! put them to death!!' cried several voices. 'Draw then, and revenge me,' thundered forth Ibrahim, drawing his own weapon. Yousseuf drew his sword, and with the assistance of Mr. Darmandy, repulsed Ibrahim and his immediate followers, while he called upon those whom he had secretly bribed to take part with him. He promised money, commissions, every thing he could think of. 'You shall be a captain,' he said to one; 'and you, lieutenant; and you, paymaster; and you, ensign. You shall have arms, money, all you want; but strike at once, strike for the right cause.' At the sound of his voice most of the Turks rallied round him, but all the Arabs in the garrison remained faithful to Ibrahim. The fight lasted several days; each party threw up entrenchments, had their different posts, watchwords, etc. During this time Ahmed was warmly prosecuting the siege of the city; so that, finding himself between two fires, Ibrahim Bey was at length compelled to surrender, which he did on condition that he and his faithful followers should be allowed to leave the city unmolested. To this Yousseuf agreed; and on the departure of Ibrahim, he and Mr. Darmandy and the Turks took possession of the citadel.

"Left alone with their Turkish converts, the situation of Yousseuf and his friend was one of great danger, particularly should they be called upon to redeem all their fine promises. In this dilemma Yousseuf sent to the captain of the schooner, begging him to let him have all

the men he could spare. They came to the number of twelve, and brought with them a tri-colored flag, which Yousseuf instantly planted on the ramparts of the fortress. This so intimidated the Bey of Constantine, who, after the departure of Ibrahim still pressed the siege of Bone, that he immediately drew off his forces and retired. Yousseuf left Mr. Darmandy and the French sailors in the citadel, and quartered himself with the Turks in the city. 'If they kill me,' he said, 'the fort will at least be safe.' They did not kill him; but in order to maintain his authority, he was obliged to have some of them put to death. He was soon relieved by a detachment of French troops, who, under the command of General d'Uzer from Algiers, marched into the citadel. Yousseuf was by this general confirmed in command of the men whom he had so boldly enlisted in the service of France; he was promoted, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and nominated Governor of the city of Bone. He still held this situation when, on the expedition against Mascare, the Duke of Orleans sent for him to head-quarters, and from what we have already related concerning him, we may easily imagine how important his daring courage and his bold resources rendered him to the Duke.

"This is, after all, but an imperfect account of Yousseuf, who, apart from every other consideration, deserves the regard of every Frenchman from his unceasing devotion to our cause, both before and since the conquest of Algiers. This devotion has gained him the implacable hatred of the Arabs. Not long since the Bey of Constantine, the same Ahmed whom we have already mentioned, bribed one of Yousseuf's followers to put him to death. One morning the man unexpectedly entered Yousseuf's tent: 'Well,' said the latter, in his usual quick decided tone of voice, 'what do you want with me?' The man hesitated and did not answer. 'Search him,' cried Yousseuf. This was accordingly done, and in his pocket was found the letter from Ahmed promising him a golden recompense if he would slay his master; but when in presence of that master the traitor's coward heart had failed him. Without showing the least emotion, Yousseuf ordered him to receive five hundred blows upon his feet, adding, 'He is under General d'Uzer's orders, who may or may not have him put to death; but the Devil himself shall not shield him from the bastinado.' But General d'Uzer, aware of the tendency of Africans to revenge, and aware also how important it was for Yousseuf's safety that example should be publicly made, ordered a Court Martial, at which Yousseuf himself presided, who unanimously condemned the prisoner to death; which sentence was immediately executed.

"I would not have the reader infer from all this that Yousseuf is cruel; he has only a slight touch of the African about him. He has a very noble and generous nature, and a most warm and tender heart.

He is faithful in friendship ; and in love, a perfect model of the most romantic constancy. One morning Colonel ———, who tells the story himself, happened to be in Youssouf's tent, who showed him a little dog given him by the princess Cabousa, and whom for this reason he really passionately loved. A few moments after, the Colonel, playing with the dog, accidentally called him Cabousa. Youssouf instantly sprang from his seat, clenched his dagger, and with eyes flashing fire and a voice trembling with passion, he exclaimed, 'Thank God, you are my friend — you are the only man who could have pronounced that dear name so lightly, and yet have lived.' "

THE SPICE ISLANDS.

Of Eastern garden-climes the loveliest,
 The birth-place of the summer and the showers
 Which scour thy hill-tops, frequent as the hours —
 Nursing the wild fertility that blest
 Earth's paradise of old — how long confest
 Your memory in the voyager's dream shall glow,
 A wreath of deathless green on Ocean's brow !

And these — the daughters of the sounding sea
 Nurtured on his rude breast — these Eden isles,
 With wealth of forest flowers and teeming piles
 Of soft hills, swelling from the upland lea
 With melody and pomp of bird and tree,
 And zephyr's breath and rivulet's sweet song,
 And fragrance scattered the green vales along.

And mountains bearded with wild waterfalls,
 That far outshine the diamond's brightest gleam,
 Aptly embodying the poet's dream : —
 How beauty blooms around them, and enthalls,
 With leafy cestus their eternal walls ;
 Teaching Earth's hoar sublimity to glow,
 And blend with hues that gladden all below !

I would perpetuate this holy calm —
 Which breathes around us with voluptuous swell,
 Charming the voyager where he fain would dwell, —
 Long, long to revel in this air of balm,
 And cull from these enamelled shores a charm,
 In my rapt gaze to bid them rise once more
 With the same loveliness that erst they wore.

Vain wish ! ere day shall purple to its close,
Fair islands, ye shall mingle and go down,
Not where stern billows in the darkness frown,
But in the sapphire depths from which ye rose ;
And the still tide shall mirror as it flows
Nought but the passing cloud, the loitering sail,
The osprey's burnished plume, unshaken by the gale !

VAGARIES IN THE LIFE OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

"O who would inhabit this bleak world alone."

I FEAR I have not fulfilled my destiny. There is something within me which tells me that I was born to be a married man. My mother has often mentioned that when I had seen only a twelvemonth, all my young affections were lavished upon a little waxen *Dulcinea* of a doll, which had nothing about it to kindle admiration, except false hair, paint, and great patience under injuries. As I increased in stature, I well recollect that little solicitation was ever necessary to induce me to bestow the common tokens of affection upon the little *demoiselles* which always beset the path of a schoolboy. At the age of sixteen, I had been at different times desperately in love with four cousins, taking into account all the collateral branches of our family ; five young ladies, much older than myself, who were engaged, and to my great chagrin, soon married ; two preceptresses of academies, besides having many other flitting passions, of just consequence enough to be engraved upon bark, and numerous enough to disfigure all the trees in my father's door-yard. Thus far I had led an enamoured life, without having ever ventured to speak. But then I confided much in the language of the eyes. Whenever a wandering female orb happened to beam in vacancy on me, I was perfectly planet-struck with its truant rays ; and if, perchance, I was spoken to, no crimson dye ever stood in deeper or firmer colors than the bright blush that mantled my face in its whole length and breadth. Being made the recipient of these fortuitous bounties, I assumed it as a postulate, that a nascent affection had taken root in the heart of each bestower, and my peace of mind was thus constantly broken. I went so far, in one instance, as to open a correspondence with a very pretty school girl, and we constituted a hollow log the receptacle of our inflammatory epistles. But

the first cold day created a demand for our post-box ; and our loves and the log, being of like combustible and perishable material, were both soon reduced to an impalpable powder.

By the time I became twenty-one and a schoolmaster, I felt myself to be in a critical condition. Being in a primeval village, and next to the clergyman in rank and consequence, I laid aside my shamefacedness, and became quite familiar with the fair. I was once on the eve of offering my hand ; yes, that hand which had often come in rude contact with most of the ears between the ages of four and fourteen in a space full four miles square, was now about to be affectionately tendered to the *square's* daughter. The occasion that called for this burst of feeling was a conjoint ball and sleigh-ride ; the time near Spring, about Valentine's day ; and as for the weather, the skies they wept over us. I drove my landlord's horse, and he knew only the way to mill. Whether he supposed that I carried a grist, or that my lady's heart was like the nether millstone, or that I should have occasion to suspend one from my neck, I know not ; but as we approached the turning-off place, I being in child-like ignorance of his habits and intentions, the animal suddenly described a right angle, literally "dodging the question" just as I was on the point of popping it. We were thrown, of course, at a most interesting period of life, upon a cheerless world, and our aromatic affections served only to season a little lagoon of snow-broth by the wayside. This incident cast a chill over every like rising emotion for an indefinite period, and proved to be a forerunner of the many tantalizing disasters that have oftentimes since snatched the marriage cup from my lips just as I was on the point of tasting it.

That I continue in my present lonely condition, is not because I cannot make an impression. So far from this, whenever I approach woman, I have the most irrefragable proof in her sudden reserve, her embarrassed manner, the struggles of her warring emotions, and the swift coursing of the blood in her face, like alternate sunshine and cloud over a corn-field, that she entertains for me a latent and deep passion. With others of my sex, she seems at ease, gay, social, cheerful, and indifferent. My age has long been a secret ; yet from the laudable energy with which sundry of the fair have prosecuted their inquiries, I am satisfied, that, as a part of myself, it is a subject of deep solicitude. But this I regard not an obstacle. No. The difficulty with me is, I am a doomed man. With ardent hopes and high aspirations for the married state, with every quality to make woman happy and myself adored, there is still an evil genius — a demon — that binds me and cripples me the moment I undertake to enter the healing pool of wedlock. I am struggling, not under moral, but matrimonial, inability. I verily believe that the sins of the first bachelor that ever

lived are imputed to me, and that I have sinned and fallen in his transgressions. I am descending single into the vale of years, and I cannot put off the *old man*. I have imbibed strong prejudices against wrinkles even in my coat, for fear they may next invade my face. I have a vivid recollection of ten leap-years — ten years of woman's jubilee — in which freedom was given to the restrained manners of the fair, and their ransomed affections were permitted to seek their home — their native home — in the breast of manhood. Yet in solitary grandeur I have survived them all ; I dare not conjecture what may be my fate during the present bissextile period. Kind words and looks may yet work a rescue. The last hopes of forlorn celibacy centre upon the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

My present position is wholly irreconcilable with the known laws of nature and my constitutional adaptations. I have lived but for woman. Year after year have I obeyed the sound of the church-going bell, and while pretending to listen attentively, and to be deeply affected, I have peeped through my fingers till purblind. I have been told in many a sound discourse to set my affections on things above, but they never would ascend higher than the female galleries. Time after time have I loitered and lingered when congregations have separated, and perhaps watched in some shop door to join the object of my temporary passion secure from the gaze of the thick crowd. I have ogled and caught side glances of the fair till my friends feared I had acquired an inveterate squint. I have often commenced the study of Astronomy, but whenever my eye wandered to the jewelled Heavens, I was reminded of eyes like the stars, or of some terrestrial cynosure, which wholly discomfited my thoughts. The milky way suggested a galaxy of earth-born beauty ; the zones brought to mind the goddess of grace ; and the belts of Jupiter were synonymous with the girdle of Venus. I attempted mineralogy, and so long as crystals, and Derbyshire spar, and gems were kept out of sight, I made good proficiency ; though I confess I never could see a specimen of rock submitted to the action of flame and the blow-pipe without thinking of the frequent combustions of my own heart. In Geology, with its mastodons, plesiosaurs, megatheria, lizard tribes and boulders, I have taken much satisfaction ; yet I did not like the idea of central fires ever cooling. Neither could I dwell geologically upon the Mosaic account of the creation ; because my mind would inevitably become lost in the remembrance of the story of earth's first and fairest daughter, and Milton's description of her. Botany also I found wholly impracticable, with its *two lips*, and lady's slippers, and pinks, and roses, and thorns. I even lost my mother tongue, and could speak only in the "language of the flowers." My mind was converted into a complete Flora's dictionary. Almost despairing, I betook myself to the dry

learning of the law. One of the first titles to which my attention was directed, was that of "Husband and Wife," together with a treatise on the "Domestic Relations," which gave rise to so many tender associations incompatible with dry abstractions that my confidence of success was much shaken. But when I came to read of suits, and declarations, and protestations, things were brought to a crisis at once, and I fled for refuge to Theology. There I met with no better success ; I never could pronounce divinity in the singular ; angels would be of flesh and blood, and scripture female names converted the rest of the page into a blank. When I read, even in the book of afflictions, that in all the land none were found so fair as Job's daughters, Jemima, Kezia, and Kerenhappuch, I could not but institute a thousand comparisons with the daughters of modern fathers.

Then I tried medicine, and commenced, of course, with anatomy, and soon stumbled upon the anatomy of the heart ; thence to its palpitations, and imagined myself a victim to this dire disorder. I was obliged, therefore, on account of my health and predisposition to these organic affections, to relinquish this study. Pure mathematics has proved the most unexceptionable branch of learning, though in geometry I never could read the directions in problems, to join A, and B, C, and D, &c. without thinking of matrimonial union. Every object in nature has its associations with Love and Hymen. A field of snow reminds me of woman's forehead, and a dew-drop on the rose is her tear. The choral song of birds is a melodious epithalamium. I have been led through the fens and quicksands of life by Will-o'-the-wisp eyes that danced before me, and blinded me to every thing but their own brightness. I am often transfixed by woman's glance and made faint by her smile ; I can sit under the window of my lady-love, and absorb, reflect, or refract cold moon-beams by the hour. I can write sonnets to each particular eye-lash, singly et seriatim. Nay, in an emergency I can ransack novels, old magazines, and annuals, for sentiments and figures ; and when I find woman herself likened to flowers, or her neck to an alabaster column, or her teeth to pearls, or her lips to the rose-bud, or her eyes to brilliants, or her smile to a summer sunset, I am quite sure to pilfer and appropriate the thought. I can bestow keepsakes and confectionary according to the dictates of affection ; but I cannot give away my hand, for my heart chokes me whenever I make the attempt, and my evil genius paralyzes all my powers. I can strew flowers on the altar of Cupid, weave garlands for his brows, and even wound myself with his arrows ; but I cannot kneel prostrate in soul at the inner shrine.

Young married men are my utter detestation ; I maintain that they should be banished the society of the single of either sex. There is something even indelicate in that man's conduct, who, having made a

solemn vow to cleave unto one woman, and who, having exhausted the fountain of love that welled up for him alone in one fond bosom, still impertinently besets unpledged female loveliness, and erects himself into a partition wall between young hearts and more ancient ones ; or, like a nursery man, rudely prunes away the sapless, frost-touched tendrils of deep-rooted celibacy, just as they have begun to exhibit signs of life, and to reach out for objects on which to fasten. For myself, I believe I am running the last matrimonial race, and I desire to see no one intruding upon the consecrated ground whose name cannot be entered for a prize. Too many have already been snatched from my meritorious grasp. In one desperate and final effort to reach Hymeneal joys, there is a voice within me which tells me I may yet be successful. "A good man, single, struggling with fate, is a sight respectable, both in the eyes of gods and men."

 ASTROLOGY.

COME sit with me, my dearest coz,
 Beside our vine-clad door,
 And I will teach thee pleasant dreams,
 Of old Chaldean lore.
 And is it not, my laughing coz,
 A lovely, loving night ?
 How all, beneath the quiet moon,
 Bathe in her holy light !

And see, how evening's thousand eyes,
 Smile on us from afar !
 And lo ! the brightest of them all
 Is yonder twinkling star.
 Look, where it shines in beauty down,
 By armed Orion's heel !
 How like the light of thy soft glance,
 Its quivering rays I feel !

It shineth on the voiceless earth,
 And on the sleeping sea, —
 And where its blessed radiance falls
 No hateful shape may be.
 O mark it well, my dearest coz,
 And love its ray divine !
 That gentle star, so like to thee,
 That lovely star is thine.

But see! above yon dusky wall,
 A fiery shape appears!
 And lo! with train of lurid flame
 The comet's car uprears.
 The stars affrighted shrink aback, —
 The very zenith reels!
 As fiercely up the milky way
 He drives his flashing wheels.

On! on! his steeds are meteor-sprites!
 His curb a sun-beam's flash!
 Above him writhes the lightning-snake,
 Below, the thunders crash.
 Gray Saturn creeps behind his ring,
 And cowers in dim affright;
 And Jove draws tighter every belt,
 And scours his arms for fight.

On! on! at every mighty tread,
 A constellation shakes, —
 While hotly o'er the star-pav'd slope
 His fearful way he makes.
 But lo! he feels that gentle gleam,
 And checks his weary car;
 And up they journey, side by side,
 The comet and the star.

I gaze upon each shining orb
 That floats in glory on;
 And this may be a vapor-ball,
 And that a far-off sun.
 Yet ere the clouds of Science gray,
 Their mystic beauty mar, —
 Be mine the comet's errant flight,
 Be thou the gentle star.

ELAH.

ADVICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

NE'ER take a step in life's career
 Not sanction'd by strict duty clear;
 All *ills* sustain'd from memory sever,
 But *good* receiv'd forget thou never!

SCENES AND STORIES OF THE HUDSON.

NUMBER TWO.

A DEER hunt ! the reader has had fifty described to him ! and though he may never have brought down his buck, he has himself, perhaps, been a dozen times on a 'station,' in the swamps of Long Island or Carolina ; or tried the 'still hunting' of the White Mountains or the Alleghanies. What new feature of the chase then have we to offer him ? None ; but if he be a true lover of woodcraft, none does he require provided our picture be true. And yet there is one thing about deer hunting at the sources of the Hudson which gives some novelty to its details : it is, that from the nature of the country, three distinct modes of taking the quarry, as pursued in other districts, are here all combined in one chase. We attempted, in the January No. of the *American Monthly*, to sketch the peculiar features of this region, and, briefly as they were touched upon, we will take it for granted that the reader has mapped in his mind's eye a broken region of mountain and forest, with a stream in every glen and a lake in every valley.

The October dawn broke brilliantly upon Sacondaga Lake. The morning did not slowly awake with a yellow light that gradually warmed into the flush of day ; but, ruddy and abrupt, the bold streaks shot from behind the mountains high into the heavens, spreading themselves on their path like the fires of the *Aurora Borealis*, and dying the lake, in which they were reflected, with hues as vivid as those of the autumnal forests that walled its waters. We had left our camp, however, long before the stars grew dim.

The hunt was divided into three parties, each with different duties assigned to them by one who took the direction.

The first, who were the drivers, had the hounds in charge ; they were to take three different routes, and slip their leashes, after a certain time had elapsed, wherever they might find themselves. They had light guns, and from knowing every creek and swamp in the country, could follow the dogs to advantage, even when on a fresh track. The second party, who were all armed with long rifles, were to go on the stations ; these were old foresters, who knew every run-way for miles about, and each of whom might be relied upon as staunch at his post

should the chase last for hours. The third party took the skiffs and canoes; a number of the latter being easily shifted to the adjacent waters, so that every lake within a mile of our rendezvous had two or more boats upon it. Lastly, upon a hill overlooking the cluster of lakes, was placed a keen-eyed lad, furnished with a horn, whose duty it was to blow a signal the moment he saw the deer take the water.

My friend and myself were attached to the boat party; a skiff with light sculls fell to my lot alone, but my companion, more fortunate, was assigned to a bark canoe with one of the Indians. These arrangements having been made the night before, were put in action in a very few moments. The strand seemed alive with figures, for a minute only, as we emerged from the thicket wherein our wigwam was secreted, and then, while some plunged into the forest, and others glided in their gray shallops around the dusky headlands, the scene of our last night's orgies became as silent as if nothing but the chirp of the squirrel or the scream of the jay had ever awakened its echoes. So still indeed was it at that early hour in the morning, when the birds had hardly begun to rouse themselves, that I was almost startled by the click of my oars in the rowlocks as they broke the glassy surface of the lake, while I pulled with an easy stroke for a little islet, which I had ample leisure to gain before the dogs would be let slip. Here the drooping boughs of a tall hemlock — which seemed to flourish not less luxuriantly because the towering stem above them was scathed and blasted, screened my boat from view as I ran her under the rocky bank. Having deposited my gun in the bow, with the breech still so near me that I could reach it from midships in so small a craft, I arranged the wooden halter with the pole at my feet and the noose hanging over the stern; so that I was prepared for action in any way it might offer itself. This halter is nothing more nor less than a forked sapling, with a noose of rope or grape vine at the end, to throw over a wounded deer's horns when your shot does not stop his swimming. If unskillfully managed, the animal is likely to upset your boat in the effort to take him thus; but there are men upon these lakes so adroit in the use of this rude weapon, that they prefer it to fire-arms when a hunting knife is at hand to give the game the coup de grace.

There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting station, with every sense upon the alert, to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such "creeping murmurs" from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, as making themselves heard above the rustling of his own footsteps. But watching thus for your quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport

makes the hearing as nice as when Fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses. Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the 'piled leaves,' too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the first bay of a hound at such a moment breaks almost like thunder upon the ear. So, at least, did it come now upon mine, as a long deep-mouthed yell was pealed from a valley opposite and echoed back from hill to hill around me. The sharp crack of a rifle followed, and then cry after cry, as some fresh dog opened, the stirring chorus came swelling on the breeze. Each second I expected to hear the signal horn, or see the chase emerging from the forest wherever the indented shore indicated the mouth of a brook along its margin. Not a bush, however, moved near the water, the mountains were alive around, but the lake was as untroubled as ever, save when a flock of ducks feeding near me flapped their wings once or twice at the first outcry, and then resumed their unmolested employment. The sudden burst had died away in the distance, the chase had probably been turned by the single piece that was discharged; and now, leading over the farther hills, its sounds became fainter and fainter, until, at last, they died away entirely.

An hour elapsed, and, damp, chilly, and somewhat dispirited, I still maintained my motionless position. A slight breeze had arisen upon the lake, and the little waves rippling against my boat made a monotonous flapping sound that almost lulled me asleep. I was, indeed, I believe, fairly verging upon a most inglorious nap upon my post, when a sharp eager yell started me from my doze and made me seize my oars in a moment. It came from a broad deep bay locked in by two headlands on my right. The farther side of the bay was a marsh, and there, bounding through the tall sedge, I beheld a noble buck, with a single hound about a gunshot behind him. Strangely enough, he seemed to have no disposition to take to the water, but leaping with prodigious strides over the long grass, he kept the margin for a few moments, and then struck into a tamarac swamp that fringed the opening. It was but an instant that he was lost, however; a simultaneous cry from half a dozen hounds told that he was turned in that direction. He appeared again upon a rocky ledge where some lofty pines, with no underwood, were the only cover to screen him. But now his route carried him unavoidably out of the line of my station. I knew that there were those beyond who would care for him, but in the vexation of my heart at losing my own shot, I could hardly help cursing the poor animal as I saw him hurry to destruction. The height of the cliffs seemed alone to prevent him from taking the water; and I could almost fancy that he looked hurriedly around, while bounding from crag to crag, for a spot

where he might best make his plunge. The dogs were now silent—they had not yet issued from the covert—but the moment they emerged from the wood and caught sight of the game, they opened with a yell which made the deer spring from the high bank as if he were leaping from the very jaws of his pursuers. Now come my first moment of action; I might even yet, I thought, be not too late; I seized my oars, and the tough ash quivered in my hands as I sent the skiff flying over the water.

The buck was swimming from me, but he had a broad bay to cross before gaining the opposite side of the lake. In this bay, and between me and his direct track, was a wooded islet, and by taking an oblique direction I tried, as well as possible, to keep it between myself and the hard-pressed animal, in order that, not seeing me, he might still keep on the same course. I must have been nearly abreast of the islet. The route of the deer was only a few hundred yards in advance, and directly at right angles to that which I was steering—I might yet cut him off from the opposite shore—the dogs would prevent him returning from that he had left, and I could certainly overtake him should he attempt to make for the bottom of the bay, which was still distant. The moisture started thick upon my brow from exertion, and the knees of my frail shallop cracked as I impelled her through the water.

But there were other players in the game besides myself—cooler, more experienced, equally alert, and better situated for winning. The canoe, in which was my friend with the Indian, was concealed on the opposite side of the islet, and having watched the whole progress of the chase, waited only for the buck to come in a line with it before launching in a pursuit sure to be successful. The moment for striking arrived just as I passed the islet, and then, swift as a falcon on the stoop, the arrowy barque shot from its covert and darted across the water. The effect was more like a vision than any scene I can recall. My friend was nearly concealed from view as he lay on his breast, with his piece levelled directly over the prow of the canoe waiting for the Indian to give the word to fire; but the person of the latter was fully exposed and with the most striking effect, as he stood erect in the stern, stripped to the waist, and with every muscle in his swarthy frame brought into action as he plyed his flashing paddle. His long hair streamed on the wind, and with the piercing eyes and features strained with eager and intense excitement, gave an almost unearthly aspect to his countenance. The dogged and listless look which characterized him a few hours before, seemed to have been thrown off with the tattered garb that disguised without covering his person; and the keen-eyed, clean-limbed hunter now revealed to view, bore no more resemblance to the sullen and shabby vagrant of yesterday than does a thorough-bred and mettlesome racer, spurning the green turf with

glowing hoof, to the ricketty and broken-down hackney that steals through the dirty suburbs of a city. The ludicrous cries, however, that broke from him at every moment, afforded a most whimsical contrast to his picturesque appearance. "Yarh! whiteman"—"San' Marie! no fire"—"Howh! diable Poagun"*—"Dame de Lorette! Corlaer† be ready—Sacre—Weenue!" and a dozen other epithets and exclamations, catholic and heathen, Indian, English, and Canadian, burst in a torrent from his lips. Suddenly, however, discovering he had gained sufficiently upon the buck, he stopped paddling, and, in good calm English, gave his directions to his companion as coolly as if now certain of the prize.

The other then covered the deer's head with his rifle as he swam directly from him, but still waited for the proper moment. It came just as the buck touched the ground with his fore-feet; a projecting rock received him, and he reared his antlers high above the water, while his hinder parts were yet submerged, in making good his landing. "Fire!" cried the hunter; and at that instant the ball struck him in the spine, a few inches behind the ears. The animal bent forward beneath the blow, and then endeavoring to raise his head, he toppled over backwards, and slipped off the rock into the lake, an unresisting carcase.

My skiff shot alongside the canoe at that instant; but though within hearing of all that passed, I was, of course, too late for a shot. The buck, which proved a noble fellow, was soon lifted into the boat, while together we pulled leisurely for our rendezvous on the opposite side of the lake. There the different members of the hunt came gradually dropping in, one after another. A yearling, with its horns yet in the velvet, and a doe in tolerable condition, were the only other spoils of the chase. All allowed, however, that it was long since so fine a buck had been taken upon the lake; and those who had not had a shot seemed to enjoy the venison steaks that were soon broiling, full as much as the others.

The rest of the day was passed in cleaning our guns, repairing the canoes, and making our camp comfortable for the ensuing night. The close of evening found us seated around the fire discussing the day's sport, while the older hunters enlightened those less versed in woodcraft with the detail of various feats and adventures of which, in bygone days, the forests around us had been the scene and themselves the heroes. Moose, panther, and bear hunting were their favorite themes; and I took an opportunity, when the latter was mentioned, to ask the old Indian, who was the most intelligent of the party, if any grizzly bears had ever been found in this region as some naturalists

* Poagun or Tmewawgun, "Pipe," was a name he had given my friend.

† New-Yorker.

have asserted. His reply indicated that there was a tradition of that ferocious animal being known to his ancestors, by whom its race was said to have been extirpated. The information, however, was so mixed up with what was evidently fable, that it was impossible to tell how much of his account was true ; and not the least extravagant portion of it was embodied in a story, the strange tissue of which I can now I fear but feebly recall.

OTNE-YAR-HEH, OR THE STONE GIANTS.

A LEGEND OF TSEKA LAKE.*

THEY who have hunted over the wild lands that lie between the sources of Moose river on the west, and the Talking Water† where it falls into the northern branch of the great Mohegan on the east, tell of certain strange forms, resembling men, that appear to be carved out of the solid rock, as they stand like sentinels along the shores of some of the lakes which are so numerous in this region. The stunted hemlocks which are occasionally rifted among their fissures, and the wild vines that here and there are tangled among their groups, prevents a close examination of their shape ; and some white people insist that these upright rocks bear little or no resemblance to the human figure. But it is probable that they who undertake to speak thus positively upon the subject, have never seen the particular cliffs with which the Indian hunter is familiar ; and which, though with the lapse of every year assuming more and more the aspect of the common rocks around them, still preserve so much of their original appearance as to be easily identified. Few, however, would suspect that these mute forms were once animated, and gifted with powers of destruction proportionate to their huge size ; and yet such, if tradition can be believed, was formerly the case. The wars with the Otne-yar-heh lasted for many generations before they were utterly subdued and reduced to their present harmless condition ; and the century of continual conflicts with Ononthio (the French) was not half so destructive to the warriors of the Aganuschion ‡ as a single battle with these monsters.

It was on the shores of Tseka Lake that they were first discovered, though some say that they came originally from the great salt water,

* A large and beautiful sheet of water, lying a few miles to the south-west of Lake Pleasant and Sacondaga Lake in Hamilton county, N. Y. Its name is sometimes written Pseka, and more often *Piseka*.

† Commonly called "Jessup's River," a famous trouting brook that falls into the north branch of the Hudson.

‡ Thus the confederated Five Nations called themselves. *Clinton's Discourse before the N. Y. Hist. Soc.*

and had cut their way through the Mahikanders and other river tribes up to this point. But they who talk thus confound these giants with a band of strangers that were destroyed upon this lake the year before, and whose bodies afterwards became, as it were, the shell in which these monsters were hatched.

These wanderers had encamped upon the sand beach of Tseka, about a gunshot from the cove where the inlet of Oxbow Lake flows from it into the swamp that lies between them. They were discovered and set upon by a war-party of the Aganuschion on its way to strike a blow at the Abenakis. The warriors of the confederacy mistaking them for Hurons or some other hostile band of the north, attacked them with such fury that every one of their number was either killed or wounded before the headlong assailants could be brought to a parley. It was then discovered, when too late, that they had never been among the foes of the Five Nations, and were, in fact, strangers, of whom no one could give an account. The assailing party were overcome with confusion; but the victims of their rashness were so completely cut up, that sympathy was of no avail, and they were wholly at a loss what to do with the wounded survivors. They had not a single 'medicine-man' in their own party to assist them, on the spot, and if they undertook to carry the strangers back to their own towns they must have perished on the way; while the delay would be fatal to the enterprise upon which these fierce warriors had left their homes.

Some proposed to tomahawk those of the strangers who were most badly wounded to put them out of their pain, and to carry forward the others upon the expedition. This, however, was strenuously opposed by the hot-headed young men upon whom the task of carrying the disabled would have fallen; and, after several other propositions had been made with the same effect, it was determined to leave the victims to their fate upon the spot where their calamity had overtaken them.

The vengeance of the Master of Life was as summary as it was enduring. That war-party marched on its way, and reached the Cada-raqui; but not one of their number ever after returned to the lodges of the Aganuschion; while for many a long year their tribesmen suffered for the judgment they had brought upon their people, and the butchered strangers were made the instruments of the punishment.

The bleeding band, left with their raw wounds upon the open beach, would crawl to the water's edge to quench the thirst that consumed them; and then, as they suffered new anguish in reviving for a moment, they would roll and twist upon the sand, until, adhering to the gore that covered them, the flinty particles coated the whole surface of their bodies; and, as their limbs stiffened in death, congealed almost like solid rock around them. But their cruel thirst remained

to the last ; and they drank and drank until each one expired where he lay, while their bodies and limbs became swollen into frightful bulk before they gasped out their last breath.

The winter, which soon set in, preserved these crusted remains from decay ; and when the snows, which are very deep and lasting in this mountain region, had subsided, each stark and grim corpse had gained still more in size ; while the waves of the lake, in washing its shells and pebbles over them, appeared, in the lapse of a few months, to have turned the giant sleepers into solid masses of stone. This was not the case, however ; and that the grizzly bears knew full well when the last troop of these monsters, driven from the low country by the hunters of the Five Nations, scented them for prey upon that shore.

At first, however, their prize availed them nothing ; for the bodies were so protected by their shell of stone that it seemed impossible to get at them. But the grizzly bear is the keenest hunter of his kind, and when half famished as now, his cunning is equal to his strength. These animals then commenced at the soles of the feet, where the hard casing was thinnest, and being of a supple nature, they eat their way forward until the body and limbs of each were completely enclosed within those gigantic moulds.

The bears at first wished to withdraw from their strange dwellings, thinking after all they might be nothing but some new kind of traps their enemies had been setting for them : but in struggling to turn round, they found that the flinty casing upon their limbs yielded so to each motion, that, provided they only stood erect, they could walk as formerly. And then it was that, for the first time, he who looked upon that shore would have seen those unearthly monsters raising themselves one by one from the ground, until, tall as a thrifty hemlock, with frames proportioned to their height, and cased from head to heel in shining flint, the terrible band of the Otne-yar-heh was marshalled by their leader.

" My brothers," said the chief in a voice that sounded like the wind rushing through a mighty cavern, " we are not tortoises though we have shells ; nor need we wait here until our enemies set the swamp on fire and smoke us out like muskrats ! Let us move to the lodges of the Aganuschion, and see how they will receive us."

The woods cracked as if a tornado had been let loose among them as the hard-heeled giants strode from mountain to mountain crushing the stoutest saplings like rushes beneath their feet. Their trail was as broad as that of a gang of moose, but the trampled and twisted trees lay so thick upon it, that man with mortal limbs could never have followed upon their path. Straight as the flight of a pigeon was the road they took. The swollen torrent or dizzy precipice was no

obstacle to their footsteps ; they stepped from the tall crag or stalked through the raging stream with equal ease. The trees which their leader trampled beneath him, afforded a firm passage for his followers over the deep morass, and they waded the lakes in storm and tempest, while the waves that lashed their sides as they advanced, broke into foam against their rocky ribs as if it were the very mountain cliffs that opposed them.

What could the warriors of the Five Nations do against such an enemy. They were not then, indeed, though they hunted and fought together, a united people ; and the wars with the stone giants, devastating as they were, were at least the cause of one happy event, in giving rise to the league that was formed against them, and producing in the Aganuschion a race of men that surpasses all others.* But hundreds of brave men were destroyed before this grand end was accomplished, and the Mohawks and Oneidas, who met the first descent of the Otne-yar-heh were vanquished again and again in battle. Their weapons seemed to produce no effect upon their terrible opponents. They tried first to cut off the chief of the band, but their arrows would rattle like hail against his marble hide ; and when a score of hatchets at a time were aimed at his head, though they made the fire shower from its flinty hood as if a flame-stone from the moon† were bursting near, yet it seemed to produce no effect upon the giant.

At length it was determined that all the chief men of the Five Nations should meet at Onondaga in order to take measures for acting in concert against the common enemy ; and then that famous league was formed, whose power, for centuries afterward, was acknowledged alike by the white and red man, wherever its name was known.

Tradition has preserved no exact record of the means it was then determined to employ against the stone giants ; but it is generally believed that the Master of Life himself looked so benignantly upon the councils of this band of brothers, that he interposed his arm to shelter so heroic a people from destruction. It is said that he sent his lightnings among the Otne-yar-heh, which drove them back to the glens from which they first emerged ; and drawing there a circle of thunderbolts around the unhallowed region, so that no game ever traversed it, the stone giants perished in the fastnesses where they had sought a refuge. Their only traces are now the uncouth forms of rock that are scattered here and there among these hills ; nor since that time has a grizzly bear been seen within a hundred miles of these lakes, and the last of the race is supposed to have animated the forms and perished with the band of the OTNE-YAR-HEH."

* *Once-honoree*, or "the men that surpass all others," was a title arrogated by the Five Nations. *Colden's Hist.*

† An aereolite is thus called by some tribes.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung
 Amid the sea-like solitude,
 And rushing, thundering, down were flung
 The Titans of the wood;
 Loud shriek'd the eagle as he dash'd
 From out his mossy nest, which crash'd
 With its supporting bough,
 And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd
 On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
 Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
 To form that garb, the wild-wood game
 Contributed their spoil;
 The soul, that warm'd that frame, disdain'd
 The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd
 Where men their crowds collect;
 The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,
 This forest tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
 The stream whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
 The winds that swell'd their harmonies
 Through those sun-hiding bowers,
 The temple vast — the green arcade,
 The nestling vale — the grassy glade,
 Dark cave and swampy lair,
 These scenes and sounds majestic, made
 His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorn'd a pleasant spot,
 Mid the black logs green glow'd the grain,
 And herbs, and plants, the woods knew not,
 Throve in the sun and rain.
 The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
 The low — the bleat — the tinkling bell,
 All made a landscape strange,
 Which was the living chronicle
 Of deeds, that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
 The rose of Summer spread its glow,
 The maize hung out its Autumn fringe,
 Rude Winter brought his snow;

And still the lone one labor'd there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath ;
He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and sever'd root,
Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
The grim bear hush'd his savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
His fangs, with dying howl ;
The fleet deer ceas'd its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race !
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who throng'd in Conflict's deadliest place,
To fight — to bleed — to die.
Who cumber'd Bunker's height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witness'd York Town's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.

Monticello, Sullivan Co. N. Y.

A. B. S.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Slavery in the United States—By J. K. Paulding.—1 vol. 18mo.
New-York. Harpers.*

WE should approach the subject matter of this treatise with some delicacy had we any idea of entering into a discussion of it here. Unhappily, however, the question which Mr. Paulding has attempted to dispose of in the volume before us has become so mingled up with both politics and polemics as to place it beyond the pale of a work purely literary in its character. The continuance of Slavery in the United States is no longer an abstract question for ingenious disquisition or philanthropic speculation; and he who now presumes to discuss it should be prepared, if honest in his views, to carry out his principles, be what may the issue to which they may lead. And yet, however decided may be his opinions upon the subject, we see no reason why a thinking individual is called upon to promulgate them, unless they serve to allay the present excitement. The institution of permanent Slavery at the south we regard as no more a relict of barbarism than the legalized existence of partial slavery (under the shape of imprisonment for debt) at the North. Both are monstrous evils incident to the present state of society; but while the one can be instantly removed by legislative enactment, the other, in the nature of things, must be left to work out its own cure. In the State of New-York both species of slavery have ceased to exist, though one of them has but recently been abolished. The philanthropist therefore may hold up "the empire state" to the rest of the Union as more fortunate than some of her sisters as regards one evil, and a bright example to them in respect to the other; but his humanity is not less questionable than his patriotism, who, reckless what may be the consequences of his meddling, presumes to insist that each sovereign state of the confederacy must adopt the system of polity by which the independent community of which he is a member is regulated.

Providence, in spreading this broad confederacy over climes so different as to engender as many varieties of temperament and character as are to be found in the Old World, never willed that each member of communities so remote from each other, however linked together in amity, should exist under the same domestic relations; much less that they who had been specially favored with its blessings should use its name in a Procrustean attempt to shape, mould, and maim, a brother member into the exact form under which itself had prospered. Heaven, in admitting the dark fate of the slave to be entailed upon so large a portion of our race has adopted its own inscrutable ways of bringing the heathen to a knowledge of itself; and Heaven, when its appointed time has come, will change the dispensation in mercy, unless man precipitates the consummation in wrath. But why—why, when the world is full of evil that cries at our very doors for redress, why should we go crusading in distant lands to turn up the hearth-stone of our brother for the evidences of misery and crime? Why with officious zeal seek to teach the captive African that he ought to rattle his chains in anger, when year by year we are driving the native born American from the fertile home of his ancestors to distant and sterile

lands inhabited by his hereditary foes. But a few years since and the whole northern section of the Union was in arms about the hapless Cherokees; and exasperated philanthropy was as loud-voiced here for them as it now is for the southern slaves; yet at that very time, and every year since, down to the very season when we are writing, a grasping and inexorable avarice was at work to remove the remnant of Aborigines from the rich meadows of Oneida to the bleak hills of Lake Superior. Is there no merit in good works unless the field of their performance be far from home, and when strangers only can be injured by their operation? But we must not allow ourselves to dwell upon this unhallowed and meddlesome spirit that is abroad — this most unchristian-like disposition to neglect our own vineyard and sow the seeds of dissension in places where the fruit must mature to the undoing of others.

The little volume of Mr. Paulding enters into a complete examination, not merely of the abstract question of Slavery, but of the whole discussion of it as recently elicited in every part of the country. The book is unequally written, though both able and ingenious; but we differ from many of its views so essentially, that, in accordance with the remark with which we commenced this notice, we can only avoid the unpleasant discussion to which they would lead by refraining here from entering into their examination.

The following passage is the only one we have room to extract. The dry humor with which it disposes of the "*pauper white man*," that foul-mouthed demagogue of the British Isles, will not be unacceptable to the American reader.

"Mr. Daniel O'Connell has more than once invoked the vengeance of Heaven on this devoted land, which, while it holds out freedom and competence to hundreds of thousands of his starving countrymen, who flock hither as to a refuge and a home, wickedly and indecorously declines a compliance with his exceedingly rational, practicable demands for immediate abolition — in other words, for the creation of millions of paupers and vagabonds. This would at once degrade our slaves to the level of a large portion of his fellow subjects. We say degrade, for the slave of the United States, living in perfect security, and exchanging his labour for protection and maintenance, is to our mind a far happier as well as more respectable being, than the miserable pauper white man, subsisting on a wretched pittance, bestowed without charity, and received without gratitude.

"Mr. O'Connell, the champion of Ireland and its prospective liberator, has declared war against us in the true spirit of 'mountain-dew' eloquence. He calls us 'traitors and blasphemers, a congregation of two-legged wolves—American wolves'—doubtless the worst of all wolves—'monsters in human shape, who boast of their humanity and liberty, while they carry the hearts of tigers within them.'

"If," continues Mr. O'Connell, 'I ever find leisure to write to my countrymen in America, I will conjure them to laugh the republican slave-holders to scorn. I will tell them, whenever they meet an atrabilious American, to call out to him *Negro*. If the black skin of the African is suffered to mark him for a slave, his yellow skin has no right to claim an exemption.'

"Such an experiment might be rather dangerous to his countrymen in the United States. The aforesaid 'atrabilious' gentlemen are not apt at putting up with insults; and if Mr. O'Connell himself were to venture on a pilgrimage hither, and utter such sentiments, there is not a gentleman in the southern states that would not promptly bring him to a severe reckoning. Mr. O'Connell, however, has already declared his intention never to honour us with his presence. This is a sensible mortification to the people, and especially the paupers of the United States, who, it is understood, had serious intentions of getting up a subscription in aid of the fund for supporting his patriotism.

Herbert Wendall—A Tale of the Revolution.—2 vols. 12mo. Harpers.

THIS work is so beautifully printed upon clean white paper, that it will not hurt the weakest eyes, and indeed we may recommend it as a performance in every way perfectly harmless.

View of the World—As distinguished by Manners, Costumes, and Characteristics of all Nations—with eighty Engravings. 1 vol. New-York: John L. Piper & Co.

THIS volume is designed as a sequel to the American Universal Geography by the Rev. J. L. Blake, A. M. Its contents are both amusing and instructive; and though chiefly intended for the improvement of youth, it may be looked over to advantage by many "children of a larger growth." It is beautifully printed, and "got up" in the style of the Annuals, upon well-pressed gilt-edged paper; but the engravings are for the most part out of drawing, badly colored, and in every way paltry.

Life on the Lakes—Being Tales and Sketches collected during a Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.—By the Author of "Legends of a Log Cabin." 2 vols. George Dearborn.

TEN years hence "a Trip to the Pictured Rocks" will be no more to the summer tourist than was a jaunt to Niagara ten years since. Steam, by the aid of rail-roads, is enacting the part of the magical carpet in the Arabian Nights, transporting people wheresoever pleasure or whim would carry them, and having the advantage over that celebrated piece of travelling furniture, that it conveys crowds where the fairy gift could waft only a single person. Now, if there be any one thing which we envy the writer of these volumes, it is the having traversed the savage waters of Lake Superior, clambered its desert crags, and explored its yawning caverns, while they yet remain unmarred by the (too often) defacing hand of improvement, and unprofaned by the mob, who, with neither eye to mark nor soul to feel the influence of such scenes, will crowd to them the moment they become a centre of fashionable attraction. To our own taste Nature loses half her attraction the moment you make a belle of her. In her freshness and her privacy—her exclusiveness—if you choose, is her greatest charm. Art, like a milliner, may improve upon her beauties, and the incense of many admirers give brilliancy and permanence to her attraction; but the stamp that gives currency to gold is never imposed without some admixture of alloy with the virgin metal, and, however it may enhance its value, it always robs it of that first pure lustre, so inviting yet so evanescent.

Our author seems to have realized this idea to the full, when, bivouacking upon a stormy shore after a day of adventure, he exclaims—

"It is delightful to one, whose mental appetite, palling over the constant sameness of city life, requires something to stimulate it to action, thus to break forth from civilized man and civilized life, and see Nature. Not Nature dressed up, decked, tricked out, like a French figurante; no! but Nature as she is here, with

all her imperfect beauties and beauteous imperfections ; to see her here in her own sweet haunts, where none but her own unsophisticated children dwell."

We must protest, however, against the unnatural way in which this love of the Alma Mater genetrix exhibited itself by wantonly marring her productions ; though the following sally of extravagance is most amusingly told.

"Tired at length of the sameness of our ramblings, the Major determined to signalize himself. Selecting a tall stump of a beech tree, eight or ten feet in circumference and hollow within, he made a fire around its base and inside, and had soon the gratification of seeing the flame flare out of the top of the stump, which was twenty or thirty feet high, like a chimney on fire. Not to be outdone, I too set fire to an old half-decayed oak, and soon it was blazing and crackling, as the flame spread from branch to branch, till the whole tree seemed a column of fire. These very remarkable exploits did not exhaust our energies ; no sooner had the trees ceased to burn, than the Major seized an axe—yes, an axe—and resolutely attacked an oak of a foot in diameter. The forest echoed with the sound, as blow after blow he struck the king of trees. At last the monarch totters, he sways from side to side ; and now, with a rushing, roaring noise, he falls to the ground. *The Major has felled a tree.* I looked on with something of that mixture of admiration and envy which animated the breast of the Italian artist, when, at sight of a noble specimen of his art, he exclaimed '*Io son pittore ;*' so I, beholding the Major's triumph, 'feel in my breast a kindred passion glow,' and seizing the axe, shout, 'I too will cut down a tree.' I select one equal in size to his, as the first victim of my woodman's prowess, and plant upon its side the first strong blow ; the wood is firm, yet I persevere ; the axe is dull, I am nought discouraged ; and at length fortune crowns my efforts ; the tree totters, one more blow will be enough ; I strike, the tough wood cracks, the high top stoops—bends—falls. What words can tell the glow of triumph that fills my heart. Thus felt Napoleon, when at Jena he stretched forth his arm towards the broken bands of Prussia, and cried '*je les tien ;*' thus felt Napoleon's conqueror, when on the glorious eighteenth of June he saw the British guards rush down like a torrent, bearing before them the scattered ranks of France, and he exclaimed 'That will do it ;' so I, at that last conquering blow, cried 'that will do it.' "

This whimsical passage is characteristic of the strange and rambling style of our author, generally, throughout his personal narrative, which is penned with all the off-hand freedom of a journal addressed to a friend, and not originally intended for publication. The stories that are introduced, however, are, in a literary point of view, of a much higher order ; they exhibit equal power, though not perhaps so much versatility, as the admirably written "Legends" of the same author, published about a year since, and are, in point of style, costume, and character, among the best illustrations of Indian life that have ever appeared.

We should be rendering both our readers and ourselves a service by quoting portions of some of them here ; but it would be unjust to the author to give the shreds drawn from his woof as specimens of the finished texture which he has wrought with so much pains and ingenuity. Leaving the gems of the work, therefore, to be found by those who look for them in their proper place, we shall not hesitate to steal a few fragments of the setting. This is often rude and homely, and sometimes careless, but never common-place. The vein of the author is eccentric, but never feeble or meagre ; and occasionally it is as delicate and polished as it is in general racy and peculiar. His "range," as the western people call a wooded pasture, might be much improved in some respects by grubbing out the under brush ; but the prurient growth of ~~this~~ is no slight proof of the richness of a soil which will, for the sake of novelty alone, be preferred by many in its unreclaimed state.

"The Trip" commences on the Hudson, and the tourist touches upon the valley of the Mohawk, describes the beautiful falls of Trenton, and gives a humorous account of canal-boat travelling before arriving at Oswego, where first begins "Life

on the Lakes." Niagara, with good taste, he leaves to thunder its own praise; and the next scene of any moment he describes is the following whimsical incident at Buffalo, where the steam-boat in which he is embarked has just got under weigh:

"They had considerable difficulty in getting our huge steamer out of the narrow creek, crowded as it was with brigs, schooners, sloops, and steamers; not to mention canal boats, flats, and smaller craft without number. In the attempt to avoid a flat loaded with stone, we ran against, and tore the front off a small house, which was perched on the very end of a pier. I think you would have been amused had you observed the expression of mingled shame and terror, in the face of a woman, the occupant of the second story of that little place, when her privacy was thus, at an unfortunate moment, too suddenly and uncereimoniously made public. She screamed, she blushed, she tried to run down stairs; and then her courage failing her, came forward to the front in hopes of escape in that direction; then, as the recollection of her yet imperfect, and somewhat Eve-like costume flashed on her mind, she retreated behind a door, and the onward progress of the boat hid her from our eyes. I dare say she was a very nice woman, and wished she had had on her *jupon*, and so in truth did I."

Reaching Detroit, he embarks in a schooner for the upper lakes, when we soon after have the following scene:

A calm on Lake St. Clair.

"The clear, bright water was smooth as glass, and on the eastern side the tall dark forest cast an unbroken mass of shade upon the surface of the stream, in which every shrub and tree, I had almost said every leaf, was distinctly marked. Through this mass of shade two canoes were creeping close to the shore; the savage looks and gaudy dresses of the Indians giving an air of wildness to the scene. Nearer us, and about the middle of the river, lay our little bark, sleeping as it were upon the wave. Never before did I fully realize the perfect truth of that very poetical expression of Scott, "The swan upon St. Mary's lake floats double; swan and shadow." There is not an atom of poetic exaggeration in saying that our pretty schooner floated double on the bright waters of St. Clair. Not only her dark hull and taper masts, but every spar, every block, every stay or brace, all, all, down to the smallest piece of cordage, was traced out on the calm unruffled bosom of the stream with a perfect distinctness which had in it something almost magical. On the American side the scene was diversified. Here, a clump of dark forest trees, there, a patch of cleared land, not yet cropped; beyond, a farm-house, a barn, some stacks of yellow grain, an orchard, just behind the house, and further up, far in the distance, a field of corn, just beginning to assume the brown autumnal hue."

Here is no feeble painting — the touches are light and simple, but true and vivid in their effect. The following picture is laid in colors equally genuine:

A first View of Mackina.

"The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, casting long streams of light athwart the ruffled waves, when the Captain called me forward to take the first look at Mackina.

"The first glance at a long looked for object almost always disappoints, but it was not so now; and as I gazed on the distant island, its steep cliffs rising, as they seemed to do, right out of the water, and towering high in air, their dark outline marked so boldly on the yet glowing West, and, even at the distance we were, the white chalky crags shining like little pearl spots in the dark face of the island, my utmost expectations were more than realized.

"The deepening twilight soon made every object indistinct, and I was just resigning myself to the idea of seeing no more of the island till morning, when from the eastern sky the darkness fled, a faint streak of reddish light heralds the rising moon, it kindles with a ruddier glow, and then from the bosom of the waters, which seem to burn all around her, the moon arose; and soon the whole scene around us was bathed in her bright beams. Far to the North and East we see the shores of

the main land, one or two islands standing forward and breaking the regular sweep of the coast; to the South-east lays the wide expanse of Huron, now all a blaze with moonlight.

"Further to the South, Bois Blanc stretches her horns, spanning in a capacious and well-sheltered bay. To the West, and right over our larboard bow, lays Round Island; round in shape as in name. Its dark tree tops mark almost a perfect arch upon the sky, so regularly does the land rise from every side towards the centre, and so completely is it clothed with an unbroken forest. Now let us pass over to the starboard bow, and we have a full and perfect view of 'the island' of Mackina. We had advanced so rapidly, that it was now in plain sight to the East. It is well wooded, though very precipitous, rising nearly perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet. Further to the left stands a cliff, called Robinson's Folly, which is bare of foliage, and now shines in the bright moon.

"From the base of Robinson's Folly the flat land begins to stretch out; and in the space thus formed is situated the town of Mackina, now only to be distinguished by the lights which glance from house to house, so deep and dark is the shadow cast over the town, and far out into the little bay, by the over-hanging cliffs. On its summit, and just back of the town, stands the fort; its white walls circling the brow of the hill like a silver crown; a wide carriage-way ascends from the town below, slanting along the face of the bluff to the fort.

"This scene was enchanting. The tall white cliff, the whiter fort, the winding yet still precipitous pathway, the village below buried in a deep gloomy shade, the little bay, where two or three small half-rigged sloops lay asleep upon the dark water; would that I could make you know, would that I could make you *feel*, its beauties. It recalled to my mind some of the descriptions I have read of Spanish scenery, where the white walls of some Moorish castle crown the brow of the lofty Sierra."

Our next extract speaks for itself. It describes a wild scene on the banks of Lake Superior, and may give a hint to some of our fair readers for the costumes if not the grouping of *Tableaux vivants*.

"Before continuing my journal, I will try to give you an idea of the place where it is written. Picture to yourself your friend lounging on a mat spread upon the grass at the site of a deserted Indian village on the Southern shore of Grand Island, overlooking a large bay which separates the island from the main land, distant about four miles. Before me is the fire, towards which I stretch out my feet, for the day is rather chilly. Over the fire La Tour has hung his big camp-kettle on the regular voyageur's crane, three sticks tied together at the top and spread out below like a skid. In this he is busy cooking the usual dish, salt pork and hulled corn. A few feet from the fire, and close to my right hand, half a dozen Indians are squat upon the ground. The one nearest me, who rejoices in the name of Tarhe the Crane, and who, as the oldest of the party, takes the seat of honor, is clad in a blue frock-coat and leggings, and wears upon his head a palm leaf hat; yet think not that he resembles, even in dress, the frock-coated and palm leaf-hatted gentry you meet in Broadway. The Crane is a much finer gentleman than the finest among them; every seam in his blue broad-cloth frock is overlaid with red and yellow ribbons; the leggings are brodered down the sides with beads and porcupine-quill-work; his palm-leaf hat is bound round with half a yard or more of a bright red and yellow French calico; his shirt, which the lack of vest renders an observable garment, is made of a large chintz patterned calico; two or three rows of ruffles round the bosom, of some lighter and more showy pattern, add much to its effect. Altogether the Crane is a very smart-looking fellow. Next this great man sits his brother; they are both nephews of Oshawonepenais, the Bird of the South,* the present venerable chief of the Grand Island Indians. This brother has a white blanket coat

* "This is the literal meaning of the name, from *Oshawnoong* the south, and *penais* a bird. It has, however, a figurative meaning, of which I received the following explanation from Louis Nolan at White Fish Point. When the Chippewas hear the first thunder in the spring, they say, 'That is the voice of the Bird of the South—he is returning—now we shall have warm weather.' To this imaginary being the name Oshawonepenais is applied. There is no bird so called; this chief's name might therefore be translated, *The First Thunder of Spring*."

faced with fine scarlet cloth, and bound round the seams with scarlet ribbon, and scarlet leggins faced at the sides with a strip of blue cloth, into which a deal of bead and quill work is embroidered. On his head he wears a cap of scarlet worsted net, also faced with dark blue cloth. The other Indians have blankets loosely thrown over their shoulders, chintz shirts, and blue leggins; their heads only covered with their own long black hair. High in the midst, the observed of all observers, sits old Cloutier, in earnest discourse with this gracious company. He is detailing our day's adventures; and as he tells of perils past, which excite the wonder even of his savage auditors, his face expands and his eyes glisten with the consciousness of having done and dared like a brave. Behind the Indians are huddled a group of bright-eyed and wild-looking children, watching each movement of their elders; while on the skirts of the whole party scout three or four lean and half-starved dogs, attracted by the smell of our viands, and eager to take of a portion of them."

We have room but for one more quotation, and, puzzled as we are to make a selection among the different scenes described we cannot — notwithstanding the resolution we have volunteered to leave untouched the more elaborate parts of the work — we cannot resist the temptation to transfer to our pages the following exquisite Indian fable, which is among the shortest of those collected by the author. In the words of the accomplished person, to whom the author is indebted for this among other memorials of a fading race, "It illustrates the Indian custom of Fasting to procure a personal spirit. The moral to be drawn from it is, the dangers of ambition. We should not seek for unreasonable honors, nor take unusual means to attain them."

"**THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN: A CHIPPEWA STORY.** An old man had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had come to that age which is thought by the Chippewas to be most proper to make the long and final fast, that is to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adversity is to depend, and who forms and establishes the character of the faster to great or ignoble deeds.

"This old man was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great amongst his tribe. And, to fulfil his wishes, he thought it necessary that his son should fast a much longer time than any of those persons known for their great power or wisdom, whose fame he envied.

"He therefore directed him to prepare, with great ceremony, for the important event. After he had been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, he ordered him to lie down upon a clean mat, in the little lodge expressly prepared for him; telling him, at the same time, to bear himself like a man, and that at the expiration of *twelve* days he should receive food and the blessing of his father.

"The lad carefully observed this injunction, lying with his face covered with perfect composure, awaiting those happy visitations which were to seal his good or ill fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly, to encourage him to perseverance, expatiating at full length on the renown and honor that would attend him through life if he accomplished the full term prescribed. To the admonitions the boy never answered, but lay without the least sign of unwillingness, till the ninth day, when he addressed his father: 'My father, my dreams are ominous of evil; may I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time make a new fast?' The father answered, 'My son, you know not what you ask. If you get up now, all your glory will depart; wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire. You know it is for your own good.'

"The son assented, and covering himself closer, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. The same answer was given him by the old man, adding, that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, but lay like a skeleton. No one would have known he was living but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

"The next morning, the father, elate at having gained his end, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself. He stooped to listen, and, looking through a small aperture, was more astonished when he beheld his son painted with vermilion on his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying, at the same time: 'My father has ruined me as a man; he would not listen to my request; he will now be the loser. I shall be for ever happy in my new state, for I have been obedient to my parent;

he alone will be the sufferer, for the Spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me pity, and now I must go.'

"At that moment the old man broke in, exclaiming: 'My son! my son! do not leave me!' But his son, with the quickness of a bird, had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched on the highest pole, a beautiful robin-red-breast. He looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him that he should always love to be near men's dwellings, that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant cheerfulness and pleasure he would display, that he would still cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he had expected; and that, although no longer a man, he should ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race. S."

We take leave of "Life on the Lakes," without having once adverted to the singular and stupendous scenes which formed the bourne of the author's travel. We have shown enough of the contents of his pages, however, to lead our readers to accompany him thither by perusing a work quaint, original, and entertaining.

*The Works of John Dryden—in Verse and Prose—With a Life, by
Rev. John Mitford—In two volumes. George Dearborn.*

THIS, if we mistake not, is the first complete edition of Dryden's works that has been published in this country; and we need hardly mention it as among the most valuable books that form a part of Mr. Dearborn's Library of Standard Literature, with which it is now embodied. The writings of Dryden do, in fact, constitute a magazine of "English undefiled," wherein he who would avail himself of the rich resources of his native tongue, may draw the most various food for thought while he braces his mind with the most nervous and yet harmonious idioms of which it is susceptible. But the rich and majestic, yet pure and flexible style, which withstood the fastidious criticism of Tooke, and lent its flowing energy to the eloquence of Fox (who, it is said, admitted no word into his history which had not the authority of Dryden,) needs no recommendation from our hands at this day. Suffice it to say, that the works of one of the greatest writers in our language are now presented to the American public in a form which, while from its cheapness it must tend much to extend their circulation, will, from its compact elegance, be unhesitatingly selected as a library edition.

An admirable engraving of the poet's portrait, by Dick, faces the work, and his life, by Mitford, will reward the reader with some curious details of the court scandal of Dryden's times, and literary gossipred of various kinds, which is full as entertaining as it is instructive.

Humphrey Clinker. Harpers.

HERE is another of the old standards, neatly done up in one volume, and illustrated by Cruickshank. The language of this most humorous work will be deemed coarse enough in our fastidious day; but though in this respect it perhaps goes beyond most of the works of Smollett and Fielding, its moral is infinitely better than that of any of the books with which it is generally associated; and its truth to nature, not less than its purely English style, must make it maintain the place it has so long held among the Classics of the language.

Trails of the Tea Party—1 vol. 18mo. Harpers.

"REASON after T is treason;" says a conundrum which has lately gone the rounds of the newspapers. And it is worth while to look through this little volume to see the operation of reason, or rather of intellectual energy and design in germinating a revolution from what, in any other city of the world except Boston, would have begun and ended as a mere popular riot.

Rosamond, with other Stories. 1 vol. Harpers.

As a teacher of youth through the medium of fiction, Miss Edgeworth was first in order as she is still first in ability. Her simple and beautiful stories, while they have served as models to innumerable writers who have succeeded her in the same path of usefulness, first broke the spell which Mother Goose and her tribe of nursery monsters imposed upon the inquiring minds of children. But, though many still think it well to cultivate "the imaginative faculties" in heads of seven summers, by versing them in the poetical history of "Jack Sprat" and the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," and set Malthus at defiance; yet the thralldom of these historic personages is now, we believe, broken for ever; at least it can never be completely renewed while such sterling juvenile works as "Rosamond" are backed by the infantry movements of "Uncle Philip" and "Peter Parley."

An Address delivered before the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth—December 22, 1835—By the Hon. Peleg Sprague—Boston: Light & Stearns. pp. 32.

THE circumstances attending the delivery of this eloquent Address were interesting and impressive. In the vicinity of Plymouth, on their own farm, had Mr. Sprague's ancestors resided from the first settlement of the colony. There still lives his aged father. The old man was one of the large assembly who listened to the fervid words of his son. The allusion of the orator to the place of his birth is thus given in a passage which, with pious indignation, vindicates the New England character from the aspersions which have been most unworthily attached to it by reason of the conduct of a few traitors to the beneficent institutions which warmed them into life.

"Let those of our traducers, who would appreciate the influence of our system and understand the purity of our character, go to the villages and farm-houses of New England—let them come here to the Old Colony—least contaminated by foreign intermixture. Let them see the undoubting confidence of the whole population; all ages, of either sex—alone, defenceless, safely traversing the most secluded and lonely recesses, without an emotion of fear or a thought of danger; and laying down at night with unbarred doors, often thrown wide open to receive the summer's breeze, and reposing in conscious security, unguarded, undefended, with no eye on them but the all-seeing eye of Heaven. I speak of that which I do know. Cast your eyes across that narrow bay:—there, in the settlement second in age only to this which first received the Pilgrim Fathers, is my own paternal home, and there have been the habitations of my forefathers for nearly two centuries; and during that whole time to the present moment, they have never known either bolts or bars, or fear of encroachment, or loss, or danger. Where else on the face of the earth is there such unguarded repose, such unwatched security?"

The last was the two hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims. The reflections, which will naturally arise, in sending the imagination back over such a space of time to view the scene as it might be supposed to have appeared to the devoted few who chose that spot as a refuge from persecution, are, in the opening of the Address, strikingly presented and contrasted by the speaker with the view which expanded before the eyes of their descendants.

The orator insists upon a fact, which seems to wear the startling garb of a paradox. He vindicates the New England character from the universal charge of a lack of *enthusiasm*. He says, that "Enthusiasm was the characteristic of our fathers;" that "it has ever been the *basis*" of their character. We do not think that he proves his proposition. "Fanaticism" is the more appropriate term for a part of that feeling which impelled the Puritans to seek a home in the wilderness of the New World; and the bigoted despotism with which they domineered over all who departed from their stern creed, or who would not consent to stand, day and night, in the strait jacket, in which they enclosed alike the feeble and the strong, should not be dignified with the name of enthusiasm.

It was wicked, impute it to what cause we may. The tyranny with which they were oppressed in England was light in comparison to the relentless and unsated animosity with which they pursued the Quakers—the most harmless and kindest sect the world ever saw. These dark traits in the character of our forefathers certainly deserve not the epithet *enthusiastic*.

Neither do we think that their brighter deeds spring from an emotion which may, in strictness, be called enthusiasm; the rapidity of progress in physical and mental improvement is no evidence of this. The springing up of towns and villages is not the effect of a magic power, but the work of enterprise and long-continued exertion. The orator has mistaken his word; *Zeal* is the word. New Englanders are zealous; but it borders on the ridiculous to call them enthusiastic. Enthusiasm is always uncalculating, sudden, warm. Zeal is not incompatible with suspicion, slowness, and cool determination. Enthusiasm flashes up like fire applied to light brush and stubble; it burns away with fury every thing in its path, and quickly subsides to be as quickly set ablaze again. Zeal glows with the steady heat of a live coal, and consumes slowly the hard oak upon which it is laid, till the whole is reduced to ashes; as it was difficult to illumine, so is it difficult to quench. Which of the two shall we apply most fitly to the enterprising spirit of New England, and which to the generous impetuosity of the Southern States?

The tone of praise throughout the whole Address is a little too high for closet reading: but it must have been very effective on the hearts of an audience, gathered in a place thronged by so many glowing recollections of the past. On such a day our New England character becomes enthusiastic indeed for a time; but a night's sleep is enough to bring the wildest of us back to our sober calculations. We do not mean by this to deny that enthusiasm is no element of our character. All men of genius are subject to its sway; and the eloquent author of this address was probably hurried away by its influence, when he so elevated his countrymen above the inhabitants of all other nations.

Self-aggrandizement is the common fault of all American orators, and they are probably aware that such a sentiment finds a ready echo in the breasts of their hearers.

Mr. Sprague delighted his audience, and we probably would have been equally delighted, had we witnessed the effects of his forcible elocution, instead of calmly reading his language, with all a Yankee's lack of enthusiasm when he has time to reflect, alone at our editorial table.

On History and Political Economy, as necessary branches of superior Education in Free States. An Inaugural Address, delivered in South Carolina College before His Excellency the Governor and the Legislature of the State, on Commencement day, the 7th of December, 1835, by Francis Lieber, L. L. D., Professor of History and Political Economy. Printed by order of the Honorable the Board of Trustees. Columbia, S. C.: printed by A. S. Johnston. pp. 26.

THIS is an eloquent and able discourse — the production of a ripe scholar and a good one — of a man who has read and thought much. Dr. Lieber shows very clearly, and without any declamatory extravagance, the favorable influences resulting from the study of History and Political Economy, to the minds and moral dispositions of young men. The vulgar objection against history, which arises from the difficulty of arriving at the exact truth in any particular case, is considered and answered. The peculiar value of these studies to the citizens of a free republic is dwelt upon, and the propriety of having them constitute a part of the education of our youth, is set forth. Some striking reflections are introduced upon the tendency of historical studies to lessen the rancor of party-strife and to give to political partisans more just views of their conscientious opponents. His observations upon political economy are manly and independent, though his opinions will not meet with unqualified approbation or uniform assent.

Dr. Lieber writes the English language with grace and freedom, and with the slightest possible admixture of foreign idiom. We cannot but consider the South Carolina College highly fortunate in possessing a gentleman of such various intellectual accomplishments, and who, by this discourse, proves himself to be so well qualified for the important station which he fills. The branches entrusted to his care are of great consequence, and highly essential to a truly liberal education; and they are shamefully neglected in many of our colleges and high schools. We should be glad to have Dr. Lieber's excellent discourse extensively circulated and read; as it might wake up an interest in these great sciences, and cause more attention to be devoted to them than is now the case. He has our best wishes that he may be able to carry out the system of instruction in his department on the liberal and elevated plan which is here proposed.

Practical Phrenology, by Silas Jones. 1 vol. Russel, Shattuck & Williams, and Samuel Coleman, (Successor to Lily, Wait & Co.): Boston.

THE arbiter of old, who decided, in classic story, that the great defect in the organization of man was the want of a window in his bosom, never dreamt how easily we moderns could remedy the defect. The window, indeed, we have not; but Phrenology provides so excellent a substitute, that to wish now to examine minutely into a man's thoughts would be about as idle as to enter the shop of a haberdasher for the purpose of turning over his goods when a specimen of each is hanging outside the door. The ancients (who were after all but a simple race, and "never saw a velocipede nor Quarterly Review") were compelled to unite the most acute penetration to the closest observation to find out a man's character if it had any variety of shade and feature in it. But we — we can dispense with all this grubbing after riches, which may, in fact, have no existence. We look only for the ore-blossom on the surface, and then can always judge of the value of the vein that runs beneath

it. The application of our knowledge has not, to be sure, as yet been made and carried out as it ought to be ; but we expect to see the time when candidates for public offices (if not, indeed, individuals soliciting places of private trust) will always be compelled to present themselves to the people with their heads completely shaved, in order that each one who has at heart the welfare of the republic may see how their bumps qualify them to serve it. A rumor that something of the kind may be exacted from him, has already alarmed one of the candidates for the presidency, who, it is said, positively refuses to have a cast of his head taken lest the people should find out too much from his phrenological developments.

To those who have faith in the system of Gall and Spurzheim, and are looking eagerly for that great era of frankness and sincerity when their touchstone of character shall be universally acknowledged and in common use, we know of no work which will prove so acceptable as this of Mr. Jones. It is decidedly the most popular and practical in its character of any that has yet been given to the American public by a native writer, and we should not be surprised if it added largely to the list of converts to the new doctrine : a doctrine which has now stood the test of ridicule, the wittiest and the most ingenious, for nearly a generation, and has always succeeded in gaining its ablest proselytes in those places where it has been the most warmly received in the first instance with satire and scorn. The work is well printed, and sufficiently illustrated with engravings.

Bulwer's Work, vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. A new and enlarged edition. Harpers : New-York.

THE confirmed popularity of the author of *Pelham* in this country has already created a call for a library edition of his works ; and the Messrs. Harpers, with their accustomed energy, are supplying the demand in a way that must be, in every respect, satisfactory. Being in correspondence with Mr. Bulwer, each volume that is issued has the benefit of his latest emendations ; while nothing is wanting on their part to make the mechanical execution worthy of a publication designed to be permanent in its character. Each volume is ornamented with two original illustrations, designed expressly for the American edition ; of which we can say more for the drawing than the engraving, though not much for either.

Among the various additions to the stories as they first appeared, we find a number of whimsical apophthegms annexed to Paul Clifford, under the title of "Tomlinsoniana," or the posthumous writings of the celebrated Augustus Tomlinson, addressed to his pupils ; and containing, among other valuable information, maxims on the Art of Cheating, by which every man may become his own rogue, and dispense with the inconvenience of cheating by Attorney. These are illustrated by the following ten characters, which are hit off with all of Bulwer's wonted acumen : —

1.

"The mild, irresolute, good-natured, and indolent man.—These qualities are accompanied with good feelings, but no principles. The want of firmness evinces also the want of any peculiar or deeply-rooted system of thought. A man conning a single and favorite subject of meditation grows wedded to one or the other of the opinions on which he revolves. A man universally irresolute has generally led a desultory life, and never given his attention long together to one thing : this is a man most easy to cheat, my beloved friends ; you cheat him even with his eyes open : indolence is dearer to him than all things, and if you get him alone and put a question to him point blank—he cannot answer, No.

2.

"The timid, suspicious, selfish, and cold man.—Generally, a character of this description is an excellent man of business, and would, at first sight, seem to baffle

the most ingenious swindler. But you have one hope—I have rarely found it deceive me—this man is usually ostentatious. A cold, a fearful, yet a worldly person, has ever an eye upon others; he notes the effect certain things produce on them; he is anxious to learn their opinions, that he may not transgress; he likes to know what the world say of him; nay, his timidity makes him anxious to repose his selfishness on their good report. Hence he grows ostentatious; likes that effect which is favorably talked of, and that show which wins consideration. At him on this point, my pupils!

3.

"The melancholy, retired, sensitive, intellectual character.—A very good subject this for your knaveries, my young friends; though it requires great discrimination and delicacy. This character has a considerable portion of morbid suspicion and irritability belonging to it—against these you must guard—at the same time, its prevalent feature is a powerful, but unacknowledged vanity. It is generally a good opinion of himself, and a feeling that he is not appreciated by others, that makes a man reserved: he deems himself unfit for the world because of the delicacy of his temperament, and the want of a correspondent sensibility in those he sees! This is your handle to work on. He is peculiarly flattered, too, on the score of devotion and affection; he exalts in love, as from the world—too much. He is a Lara, whose females must be Medoras; and even his male friends should be extremely like Kaleds! Poor man! you see how easily he can be duped! Mem.—Among persons of this character are usually found those oddities, humors, and peculiarities, which are each a handle. No man lives out of the world with impunity to the solidity of his own character. Every new outlet to the humor is a new inlet to the heart!

4.

"The bold, generous, frank, and affectionate man.—Usually a person of robust health. His constitution keeps him in spirits, and his spirits in courage and in benevolence. He is obviously not a hard character, my good young friends, for you to deceive; for he wants suspicion, and all his good qualities lay him open to you. But beware his anger when he finds you out! he is a terrible Othello when his nature is once stung. Mem.—A good sort of character to seduce into illegal practices: makes a tolerable traitor, or a capital smuggler: you yourself must never commit any illegal offence: aren't there cats'-paws for the chestnuts? As all laws are oppressions (only necessary and often sacred oppressions; which you need not explain to him), and his character is especially hostile to oppression, you easily seduce the person we describe into braving the laws of his country. Yes! the bold, generous, frank, and affectionate man has only to be born in humble life to be sure of a halter!

5.

"The bold, selfish, close, grasping man.—Will in all probability cheat *you*, my dear friends: for such a character makes the master-rogue, the stuff from which nature forms a Richard the Third. You had better leave such a man quite alone. He is bad even to serve. He breaks up his tools when he has done with them. No, you can do nothing with him, my good young men!

6.

"The eating, drinking, unthoughtful, sensual, mechanical man—the ordinary animal.—Such a creature has cunning, and is either cowardly or ferocious; seldom in these qualities he preserves a medium. He is not by any means easy to dupe. Nature defends her mental brutes by the thickness of their hide. Win his mistress if possible; she is the best person to manage him. Such creatures are the natural prey of artful women; their very stolidity covers all but sexuality. To the Samson—the Delilah!

7.

"The gay, deceitful, shrewd, polished, able man; the courtier, the man of the world.—In public and stirring life, this is the fit antagonist—often the successful and conquering rival of character five. You perceive a man like this varies so greatly in intellect, from the mere butterfly talent to the rarest genius;—from the person you see at cards, to the person you see in cabinets—from the D—— to the Chesterfield—from the Chesterfield to the Pericles; that it is difficult to give you an exact notion of the weak points of a character so various. But while he dupes his equals and his superiors, I consider him, my attentive pupils, by no means a very difficult character for an inferior to dupe. And in this manner you must go about it. Do not attempt hypocrisy; he will see through it in an instant. Let him

think you at once, and at first sight, a rogue. Be candid on that matter yourself: but let him think you a *useful* rogue. Serve him well and zealously: but own that you do so because you consider your interest involved in his. This reasoning satisfies him; and as men of this character are usually generous, he will acknowledge its justice by throwing you plenty of sops, and stimulating you with bountiful cordials. Should he not content you herein, appear contented; and profit in betraying him (*that is the best way to cheat him*), not by his failings, but by opportunity. Watch not his character, but your time.

8.

"The vain, arrogant, brave, amorous, flashy character.—This sort of character we formerly attributed to the French, and it is still more common to the Continent than that beloved island which I shall see no more! A creature of this description is made up of many false virtues; above others, it is always profuse where its selfishness is appealed to, not otherwise. You must find, then, what pleases it, and pander to its tastes. So will ye cheat it—or ye will cheat it also by affecting the false virtues which it admires itself—rouge your sentiments highly, and let them strut with a buskined air; thirdly, my good young men, ye will cheat it by profuse flattery, and by calling it in especial—'the mirror of chivalry.'

9.

"The plain, sensible, honest man.—A favorable, but not elevated specimen of our race. This character, my beloved pupils, you may take in once, but never twice. Nor can you take him in as a stranger; he must be your friend, or relation, or have known intimately some part of your family. A man of this character is always open, though in a moderate and calm degree, to the duties and ties of life. He will always do something to serve his friend, his brother, or the man whose father pulled *his* father out of the Serpentine. Affect with him no varnish; exert no artifice in attempting to obtain his assistance. Candidly state your wish for such or such a service—sensibly state your pretensions—modestly hint at your gratitude. But if you find it necessary to deceive him, and impossible to avoid his discovering it; waste, as I said before, not another moment upon him.

10.

"The fond, silly, credulous man; all impulse, and no reflection!—How my heart swells when I contemplate this excellent character! What a Canaan for you does it present? I envy you launching into the world with the sanguine hope of finding all men such! Delightful enthusiasm of youth—would that the hope could be realized! Here is the very incarnation of gullibility. You have only to make him love you, and no hedgehog ever sucked egg as you can suck him. Never be afraid of his indignation; go to him again and again; only throw yourself on his neck and weep. To gull him once, is to gull him always; get his first shilling, and then calculate what you will do with the rest of his fortune. Never desert so good a man for new friends; that would be ungrateful in you! And take with you, by-the-way, my good young gentlemen, this concluding maxim: Men are like lands, you will get more by lavishing all your labor again and again upon the easy, than by ploughing up new ground in the sterile!

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

AMERICAN LYCEUM. Fifth Annual Meeting, May, 1836, in the city of New York.—Sketch of Reports from Lyceums, Schools, &c.

President Haskell of Brooklyn, N. Y. stated, that in the upper schools for females in the city of New-York, there was generally an attempt to teach too many branches. There are, however, several very good schools of that class within his knowledge, and probably others with which he was unacquainted. Miss Oram's, in the old Female High School building, was a very well regulated and successful one. Dr. Griscom has delivered lectures there once a week, Dr. Barber twice on elocution, and Dr. Jackson teaches writing. She has also five female teachers and 100 scholars, and aims to make good and thorough scholars in what she teaches.

Professor ———, of Virginia, alluded to what he had witnessed of the early operations of Lord Brougham in London, when associated with him in promoting the diffusion of knowledge; and remarked that some of the female schools in England deserved to be copied in some respects in the United States, particularly in the practice prevailing among the teachers, of attempting to teach only what they are well qualified in.

New-York Common Schools. Mr. Johnson, a delegate from the Brooklyn Lyceum remarked, that an evil arose, under the common school system of the State, from the insufficiency of the money received from the fund to pay the teachers in full. Hence arises a half-way system—some children are taught for nothing, and some are required to pay. There is also a difficulty in finding responsible trustees, because they are personally liable. In Brooklyn the new City charter secures several improvements. The corporation appoint the school officers, and, on their report, the sum of money necessary for the schools is added to the tax list, and so raised. We hope to make a free school now in each of the districts.

U. S. Naval Lyceum. The Rev. Charles Stewart, a delegate, presented the written Report of that Institution, which was referred to a committee to be

published, (which has since been done. Among other things it was stated that the society intended to publish a Monthly Magazine, which has just appeared.)

Hamilton Association of Brooklyn. Mr. Van Cott, a delegate from that Society, reported, that it has existed several years, and embraces a limited number of young men. The exercises are weekly, and consist chiefly of debates, conducted by members appointed beforehand. Compositions are also read, and occasionally public audiences are invited. The Society are also ever ready to co-operate in any moral enterprise.

Newark Young Men's Society. Dr. Congar, a delegate, stated that this Society consists of thirty or forty members, and has succeeded the Mechanics' Association and Lyceum. The exercises consist of the reading of Essays, and extracts and discussions; and the Library contains 300 or 400 select volumes. Lectures are occasionally delivered, the place not affording facilities for a continued course. Another part of the plan is to have monthly sermons delivered by clergymen of Newark and other places.

The Youth's Lyceum, confined to members under 21 years of age, continues flourishing. It was reported upon at the last meeting of the American Lyceum.

New Jersey Lyceum. Mr. Kinney stated that this Society had been inactive for some months, after undertaking some very desirable objects, and seemed not to receive proper support among the people.

Hempstead Lyceum. Mr. Spooner, a delegate, mentioned that this Society had been recently formed, (in Hempstead, L. I.) at the invitation of the Queen's County Lyceum. An interesting meeting was held, and operations had commenced under favorable auspices. Although the people of the place are almost constantly employed on the water, they found the plan of the Lyceum well adapted to their circumstances. Lectures on Astronomy have been furnished by the County Society, and interesting debates have taken place before the town Lyceum.

Massachusetts' Lyceums. Mr. Emer-

son, a delegate from the Massachusetts State Lyceum, remarked that popular Societies, under the name of Lyceums, first began in that State. County Lyceums were formed in many places, but they have generally languished and died. Where they have continued, they have owed their support to the neighborhood more than to the county.

The Massachusetts State Lyceums have held Annual meetings in Boston, during the sessions of the legislature, in the State House, when many of the representatives appear as delegates from the local Lyceums, and communicate much valuable information from parts of the State concerning associations, schools, and education at large. The form and plan of operations in the Lyceums are various: but wherever they exist they produce more or less good.

The Boston Lyceum. The Boston Lyceum has been in extensive operation several years, and has been heretofore reported from to the American Lyceum. The weekly meetings and lectures in the winter are attended by about 600 members. Persons of both sexes and all classes are admitted with tickets, and the limited size of their hall has required a division to be made the past season. Deep and lasting interest in learning is doubtless excited in many minds.

Probably not fewer than 200 Lyceums exist in Massachusetts; some of the largest of which are in Boston, Salem, Charlestown, Worcester, Danvers, Newburyport, &c.

Lenox Lyceum. Professor Dewey, a delegate from the Massachusetts Lyceum, reported, that the Lenox Lyceum embraces a considerable portion of the population, and sustains weekly debates and lectures, which enlist most of the talent of the town, particularly among young men preparing for the active business of life. The subjects presented at the lectures have embraced philosophy and natural history in the popular form, mental philosophy, and various subjects in taste and arts have been discussed.

The Young Men's Association of Pittsfield furnishes a lecture on literature or science once a fortnight, and one moral or religious one every month. Three of the professors in the academies have given lectures on anatomy, hydrostatics, and ornithology.

The Lanesborough Lyceum, which is the only remaining one in the western part of Massachusetts which I am acquainted with, is sustained by two or three active men.

A SOLDIER'S EXAMPLE. The following official statement, received at the Adjutant General's office, and published in the *Globe*, gives a touchingly interesting account of the reconnoissance of the battle ground where the gallant Dade with his little command met their melancholy fate on the 28th December last. The annals of war do not furnish a more thrilling instance of military discipline and gallantry bearing up till the last moment, against a fate that was overwhelming. It was, indeed, a soldier's example; and as such we place it upon record.

"Western Department,"
"Fort King, Florida, Feb. 22, 1836."

"GENERAL: Agreeably to your directions, I observed the battle ground six or seven miles north of the Outhlacooche river, where Major Dade and his command were destroyed by the Seminole Indians on the 28th December last, and have the honor to submit the following report:

"The force under your command, which arrived at this post to-day from Tampa Bay, encamped on the night of the 19th inst. on the ground occupied by Major Dade on the night of the 27th of December. He and his party were destroyed on the morning of the 28th of December, about four miles in advance of that position. He was advancing towards this post, and was attacked from the north, so that on the 20th inst. we came upon the rear of his battle ground about nine o'clock in the morning. Our advanced guard had passed the ground without halting, when the General and his staff came upon one of the most appalling scenes that can be imagined. We first saw some broken and scattered boxes; then a cart, the two oxen of which were lying dead, as if they had fallen asleep, their yokes still on them; a little to the right one or two horses were seen. We then came to a small enclosure, made by felling trees in such a manner as to form a triangular breastwork for defence. Within the triangle, along the north and west faces of it, were about thirty bodies, mostly mere skeletons, although much of the clothing was left upon them. These were lying, almost every one of them, in precisely the position they must have occupied during the fight—their heads next to the logs over which they had delivered their fire, and *their bodies stretched with striking regularity parallel to each other.* They had evidently been shot dead at their posts, and the Indians had not disturbed them, except by taking the scalps of most of them. Passing this little breastwork, we found other bodies along the

road, and by the side of the road, generally behind trees, which had been resorted to for covers from the enemy's fire. Advancing about two hundred yards further, we found a cluster of bodies in the middle of the road. These were evidently the advanced guard, and in the rear of which was the body of Major Dade, and to the right, that of Captain Fraser.

"These were all doubtless shot down on the first fire of the Indians, except, perhaps, Capt. Fraser, who must, however, have fallen very early in the fight. Those in the road and by the trees, fell during the first attack. It was during a cessation of the fire that the little band still remaining, about thirty in number, threw up the triangular breastwork, which, from the haste with which it was constructed, was necessarily defective, and could not protect the men in the second attack.

"We had with us many of the personal friends of the officers of Major Dade's command, and it is gratifying to be able to state that every officer was identified by undoubted evidence. They were buried, and the cannon, a six pounder, that the Indians had thrown into a swamp, was recovered and placed vertically at the head of the grave, where it is to be hoped it will long remain. The bodies of the non-commissioned officers and privates were buried in two graves, and it was found that every man was accounted for. The command was composed of eight officers and 102 non-commissioned officers and privates. The bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men were interred, four men having escaped; three of whom reached Tampa Bay—the fourth was killed the day after the battle.

"It may be proper to observe, that the attack was not made from a hammock, but in a thinly wooded country; the Indians being concealed by palmetto and grass, which has since been burned.

"The two companies were Captain Fraser's, of the 3d artillery, and Captain Gardiner's, of the 2d artillery. The officers were Major Dade, of the 4th infantry, Captains Fraser and Gardiner, second Lieutenant Bassinger, brevet second Lieutenants R. Henderson, Mudge, and Keais, of the artillery, and Doctor J. S. Gatlin.

"E. A. HITCHCOCK,
"Capt. 1st Infantry, Act. Insp'r Gen."

THE NAVAL MAGAZINE. The first number of a new periodical has been issued under this title during the past month. It is very handsomely got up; and, as promoting the objects set forth in its prospectus, it has our warmest wishes

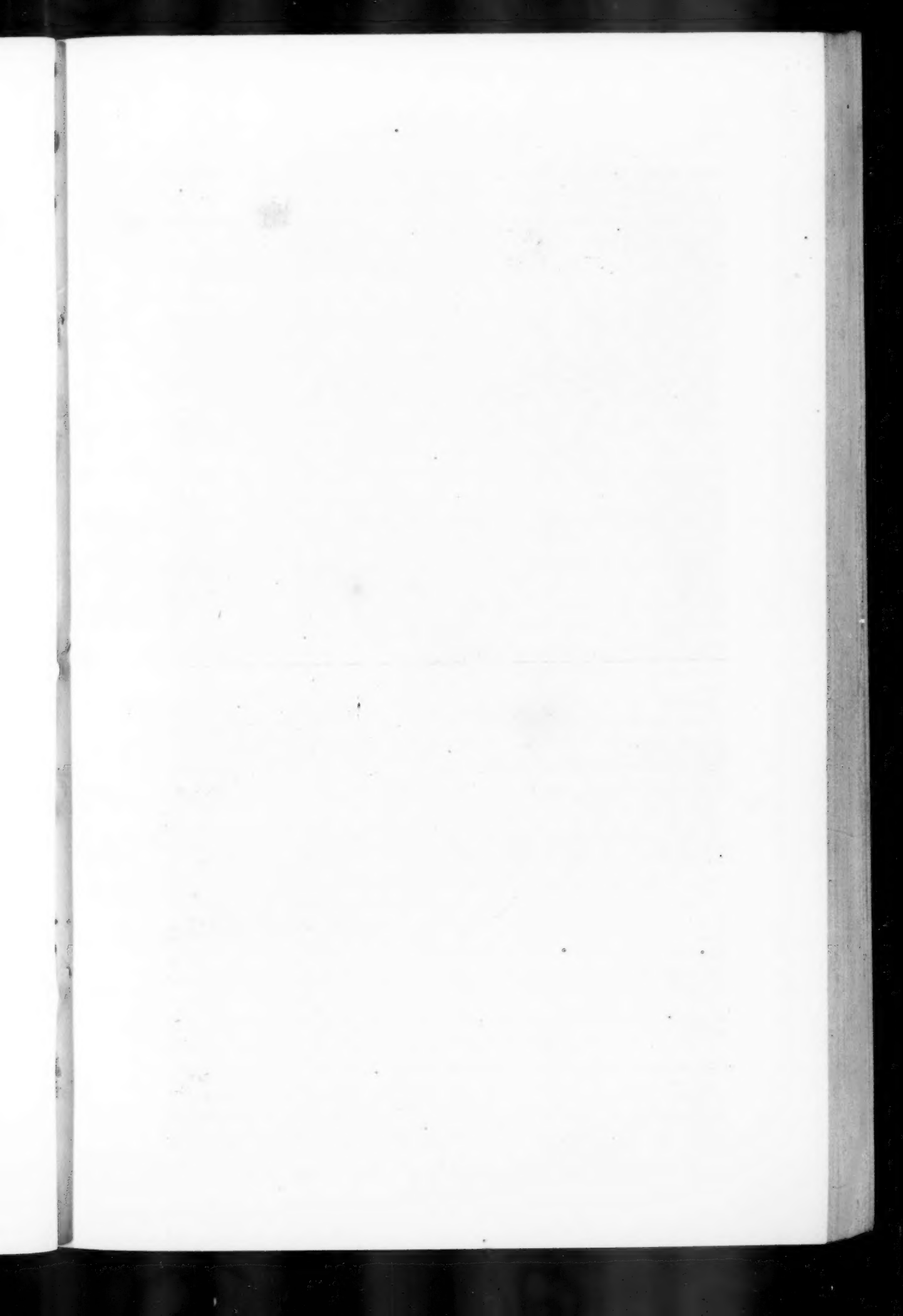
for success. The work will be under the conduct of the Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the U. S. Navy, aided by an Advisory Committee of officers, and will appear regularly every two months.

THE JEWESS. This "Grand Operatic Drama," as the bills phrase it, founded on Scribe's opera of *La Juive*, has been brought out with great effect at both the Metropolitan theatres. The display at the Bowery is rendered very striking by the number of persons that throng the large stage of that theatre. But the dresses and scenery of the Park are unrivalled, and the spirited performance of the prominent characters by Mason, Harrison, and Mrs. Hilson, with the execution of the dances, choruses, &c., must give the piece a great run at this establishment. The story of the Jewess is founded upon an old English legend, the same which is said to have suggested the plot of *Ivanhoe* to Scott, and the original of which, if we mistake not, is given in Heath's *Book of Beauty* for 1835. The denuement on the French stage is different from that upon ours; and when, in the closing scene, the persecuting father of the supposed Jewess asks the racked and tortured Hebrew, "where is his daughter?" The reply "*voilà*," uttered at the moment in which she jumps into the setthing cauldron, to which the judgment of her own father had unknowingly condemned her, is said to be perfectly appalling by those who have witnessed the scene. The plot of drama is, however, harrowing enough as it stands; though the laws of poetic justice are somewhat violated by altering the catastrophe.

The inimitable HACKETT has just commenced a short engagement at this theatre, prior, it is said, to a visit to Europe.

DIED, near Worcester, Mass., on the 2nd of March last, SERENO NEWTON, (late of the house of R. Hoe & Co.) author of the *Engineer's*, *Wheelwright's* and *Machinist's Tables*.

Mr. N. was a man of great mathematical talents, and united the most winning purity of character and simplicity of manners to the zealous and successful pursuit of his favorite studies. He was the author of valuable improvements upon the printing machine of Lord Napier; and having made the tour of Great Britain for the purpose of examining into the condition of the useful arts in that country, his activity in introducing them into his own was unceasing until the last moments of a life that was consumed from over-exertion when in its prime.





ROMEO & JULIET.

Act V. Scene III.